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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

If it is as impossible to abolish war as to abolish hatred, anger, and every form of malice, it is at least possible to diminish the horrors usually attendant upon it; and to arrive at this most desirable end, the Congress recently assembled at Geneva seems to have proceeded in a very rational manner. War can never be anything but terrible, and if it were possible to make it an agreeable pastime we should, of course, have a great deal more fighting than we have now. But when once a soldier has been wounded and put *hors de combat*, there can be no military or political reason why everything possible should not be done to alleviate his sufferings; and with this idea the representatives of the principal European Powers (including Turkey, which in many respects is quite as European as some other States having a more westerly geographical position) have come to an agreement by which henceforth military hospitals are inviolable, and military surgeons exempt from capture. The convention includes some other points, but these are the principal ones.

It is now the turn of the English naval officers not to make their cutlasses into sickles, but to arrange their pistols and bayonets in the form of chandeliers, and to entertain their French visitors at balls, dinners, and in a variety of peaceful ways. We do not know that the friendly greetings now being interchanged between French and English officers mean perpetual alliance between France and England, but they unquestionably signify a good understanding for the present, and that in itself is a good thing, not only for ourselves, but for all liberal Europe.

If England and France have not many interests in common, the English have at least more points of character in common with the French than with any other nation in Europe. A few years ago we used to hear a great deal about the natural alliance between Prussia and England; but there has been an end to that sort of talk since the Danish war; indeed, since the negotiations on behalf of Poland, in which Prussia refused to associate herself with France, England, and Austria, in the representations made to Russia. Twice, then, during the last two years, in questions of great European importance, Prussia has

taken part against England. M. de Bismarck, and professors of *la haute politique* generally, would no doubt say that it was precisely because Prussia knew England to be her ally, willing or unwilling, that he did not hesitate to oppose her when it was

gain by the defeat and humiliation of Prussia, whereas both Prussia and England are interested in checking France, if France should show any disposition to extend her territory on the Rhine—French extension on the Rhine signifying, at

no distant future, the incorporation of Belgium with France and the transformation of Antwerp into a second Cherbourg. But the present epoch seems to be one of short alliances as of short wars; and just now the feeling of England, whatever her interests may be, is all against Prussia, and all in favour of France. The English and French have got on very well together at Cherbourg, and the English public are now being reminded every morning that their navies have fought side by side in the Levant, in the Black Sea, in the Baltic, in China, and in the Gulf of Mexico.

Strangely, and unfortunately, at the very moment when England and France are on excellent terms with one another, and when both countries are greatly irritated against Prussia on account of her perfidious and unscrupulous conduct in the Schleswig-Holstein affair, news arrives of a murderous outrage committed by a Prussian on a French subject, for which it appears unlikely that any adequate atonement will be made. To make the incident still more suggestive, the victim, though a subject of France, was in the service of the English Royal family, so that England as well as France is interested in seeing that the author of his death shall be brought to condign punishment. On the other hand, the criminal is the nephew of the Prussian Minister of the Interior, and by the Prussian law was, we believe, quite justified in cutting down the unfortunate Frenchman.

These are the simple facts of the case. M. Ott, a native of Strasburg, a cook in the establishment of the Queen of England, had just been appointed chief of the kitchen in the household of Prince Alfred. After celebrating the event as so many events are celebrated—by drinking with his friends—M. Ott was going home, in company with four of the number, when he met and came into conflict with a party of

students, one of whom, wearing a military uniform, and actually serving as a junker or cadet in the ranks of the army, attacked him with a sabre and killed him. An officer in the Prussian army is not only allowed, but by the rules of the



STATUE OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT AT COBURG.—(W. THEOPH. SCULPTOR.)—SEE PAGE 136.

the interest of Prussia that he should do so. A natural enemy, if provoked, may fight, but a natural ally is obliged to put up with almost any amount of provocation, and yet not draw the sword. It is, indeed, evident that we have nothing to

service is bound, to cut down any civilian who may raise his hand against him; and probably an aspirant to a commission, during temporary service in the ranks, may claim to be placed in the same category as officers. This, however, will only make the matter worse; for, if Count Eulenburg's nephew had, technically, a right to kill M. Ott, we may be sure that that Minister will stand up for him, not only as his nephew, but also as a member of a privileged class. Prussia has, of late, carried everything with such a high hand that Prussian laws can now scarcely be changed to suit the demands, however equitable, of France and England.

Nevertheless, neither England nor France ought to allow the slaughter of the poor cook to go unavenged. As far as we can see, the first result of the affair will be this:—Either with or without representations from the French, or from the French and English Governments, young Eulenburg will be brought to trial. But his punishment, as a member of a privileged class, can only be of the lightest kind. Then, will the French and English Governments be contented to see him let off with a sort of reprimand, or will they require that the same measure of punishment be meted out to him which a Frenchman or Englishman would receive were he, in France or in England, to kill a Prussian? It seems to us that the French Government—especially when we consider the irritation against Prussia now so general in France—must take up the case of the slaughtered Frenchman; and the English Government is bound to support it in any reasonable representations that it may make. As Prussia can only give satisfaction by altering her law so as to suit the requirements of a particular case—and this at the dictation of foreign Powers—we really do not understand how satisfaction is to be obtained. The affair is a very bad one as it stands, and it may lead to awkward results. Equality before the law is a principle as fully recognised in France as in England. We cannot, of course, insist upon the recognition of this principle in Prussia; but the case of M. Ott shows in a remarkable manner that, as regards ideas, at least, the English are not the "natural allies" of the Prussians, but of the French.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor has returned to Paris. His Majesty and the Empress are expected to go to Biarritz to-morrow (Sunday).

The Austro-Prussian Convention has excited a good deal of discussion in Paris. The *Moniteur* points out the unfavourable reception of the Gastein Convention in Germany. It remarks that the Convention is at variance with the principle of the union of the duchies proclaimed by Austria and Prussia, but that, as the arrangement is provisional, it is necessary to wait before forming a definite judgment. The *Temps* publishes an article from the pen of M. Neftzer, in which the writer says:—

Public spirit in Europe has fallen low indeed not to be moved by the proceedings of Prussia and Austria in the affair of the duchies. France especially must be painfully affected; for, after having sacrificed Denmark to the principle of nationalities, she sees this principle outraged by those by whom it had been invoked. The people of Lauenburg have been sold like cattle. But Prussia and Austria must understand that, if their policy become the general policy of Europe, they will be likely to undergo more damage than they will bestow.

The article further says that the two German Powers would be liable to the imputation of insanity had they not renewed the old alliance with Russia.

In the mean time it is clear that the position of Europe is gloomy and precarious. Public right no longer exists, and everything now is merely a question of stratagem, force, convenience, and expediency.

The treaty of commerce between France and Holland came into operation on the 1st inst.

PORTUGAL.

The Ministers having been defeated in the Cortes, the Marquis of Sa di Bandeira and the other Ministers have tendered their resignation, which has been accepted by the King. His Majesty has commissioned the Duke of Saldanha to form a new Cabinet.

The vintage promises to be more abundant this season than for several preceding years.

ITALY.

Signor Lauza, the Minister of the Interior, has given in his resignation, which has been accepted by the King. It is stated that Signor Natoli, Minister of Public Instruction, will assume the portfolio of Minister of the Interior.

The Government has issued an order to the effect that religious processions are not henceforward to take place in the public streets unless with the previous authorisation of the municipal authorities, who are empowered to prevent such ceremonies if necessary. This order has been called forth by the disturbances which attended religious processions lately in the streets of Naples and other cities.

DENMARK.

The Rigsraad was opened, on Monday, by the President of the Council, who read the speech from the Throne. In this the King announces that the chief reason for the present convocation of the Rigsraad is to pass the draught for the modification of the Constitution. The bill for this purpose now before the House is the same that was recently passed by the Landsting, and rejected by the Folkething. The speech stated, in conclusion, that the King was not altogether satisfied with the modification of the Constitution as proposed in the bill. His Majesty would certainly oppose any further concessions.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

Accounts from Shanghai, to the 12th of July, state that the rebel Nienfei was encamped in the neighbourhood of Peking. It was even reported that he had taken the city. Burgineve was still in custody. The American Minister had again demanded his release, with an intimation that refusal will be considered a *casus belli*. The Taiping rebellion appears to be extinguished. A severe typhoon had occurred in the vicinity of Hong-Kong, and several shipping casualties are reported.

Intelligence from Japan states that affairs in that country are quiet.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Pera continues to be torn by revolution, and the Presidential Government is gradually losing all influence. On the new ship of war, the Union, reaching Valparaiso from this country, she at once declared for the revolutionary cause, and the Peruvian Minister at Chili having joined her, proceeded at once to take the command of the insurgent fleet.

Religious toleration has recently made a step forward in Chili, the Chamber of Deputies having passed a bill allowing non-Romanists freedom of worship and the right of establishing private schools for the instruction of their children in the tenets of their own religion.

NEW ZEALAND.

The prospects of peace in New Zealand are still favourable. The submission of William Thompson has been quickly followed by overtures on the part of the Maori King himself; and in this instance also Mr. George Graham, a private member of the House of Representatives, and chiefly known for his good-will towards the natives, has been chosen by the King as the intermediary agent.

THE UNITED STATES.

We have advices from New York to the 19th ult. In the discussions in the Cabinet respecting President Johnson's reconstruction policy, certain members insisted that it was too lenient, and that the rights of the negro had not been sufficiently guarded. Mr. Johnson had, however, resolved to adhere to the principles of the Republican and Conservative section of the Democrats. A coalition of those parties was being formed. By the advice of Mr. Seward and Mr. Thurlow Weed, Mr. Simeon Draper had been removed from the post of Collector of Customs in New York, and the Hon. Preston King installed in his place. This act was considered to be an acknowledgment of a fusion between the parties. President Johnson's position is thereby much strengthened.

The anti-war Democracy of Ohio held a convention on the 17th, and nominated the Hon. Alexander Long for Governor upon a platform which denied the right of coercion by the Federal Government, opposed emancipation, negro suffrage, military courts, suspension of habeas corpus, and the public debt, declared that the war had failed to achieve its objects, and that the Union could only be permanently restored upon the basis of State sovereignty. The Kentucky elections had resulted in the election to Congress of five candidates opposed to, and four in favour of, the Constitutional amendment to abolish slavery. Reports of the proceedings of the Mississippi State Convention to the 17th state that ordinances had been introduced ratifying all judicial proceedings by the civil courts and all State laws passed during the war, and prohibiting the Legislature from imposing any civil disability, punishment, or forfeiture of estate upon citizens who have been engaged in the rebellion; also reports recommending the abolition of slavery by the amendment of the State Constitution, and memorials praying President Johnson not to garrison the State with negro troops, and that steps be taken in behalf of Mr. Jefferson Davis and other Confederate Civil functionaries. Both Republican and Democratic Conventions for the nomination of State officers had been held in Maine, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania. Upon each occasion resolutions were adopted approving President Johnson's plan of restoration, and advocating the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine.

Secretary Harlow, of the Interior Department, in the course of a speech in Washington, stated that to those who had aided in elevating President Johnson to power, and who now apprehended that he might swerve from the principle upon which he was elected, he would say that they knew but little of the man whom they had honoured with their votes. Mr. Johnson, he continued, was nominated upon and occupied the same platform as Mr. Lincoln, and as his every official act and declaration thus far had been but in consummation or pursuance of the policy of Mr. Lincoln, it was only just to suppose that he would continue in the observance of that policy for the future.

The Provost Marshal of Mobile had ordered the arrest of all negroes found in the streets after nine p.m. who are unprovided with passes from their employers. The Mayor of that city had publicly announced that negro testimony against whites is invalid.

Great excitement has been caused in New York by the suspension of the banking-house of Kitchum, Son, and Co., in consequence of the discovery of extensive issues of forged gold certificates and abstraction of funds and securities by one of the partners, Edward Kitchum. The amount of the defalcation is variously estimated at from two and a half to five million dollars, involving in losses several bankers and brokers. Edward Kitchum had left the city, and was stated to have upwards of 60,000 dollars of the abstracted funds in his possession. This affair, together with recently discovered heavy embezzlements by bank officials and others, had seriously unsettled the share market. A reward of 5000 dollars had been offered by the Importers and Traders' Bank, which lost heavily by the defalcation of Edward Kitchum, for his arrest. He was supposed to be concealed in or near the city. Messrs. Graham and Co., brokers, estimate their losses by the same defalcation at one million and a half dollars.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

The following is the exact text of the convention concluded at Gastein by Herr von Bismarck and Count Blome, and signed at Salzburg by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia:—

Their Majesties the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria have become convinced that the co-dominion hitherto existing in the countries ceded by Denmark through the Treaty of Peace of Oct. 30, 1864, leads to inconveniences which endanger at the same time the good understanding between their Governments and also the interests of the duchies. Their Majesties have therefore come to the determination no longer to exercise in common the rights according to them from Article 3 of the above-mentioned treaty, but to divide geographically the exercise of the same until further agreement.

With this object—His Majesty the King of Prussia has appointed his Excellency the President of the Ministry of State and Minister for Foreign Affairs, Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen, Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle, Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stephen, &c.; and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria has appointed his Acting Chamberlain, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Royal Bavarian Court, Gustavus, Count of Blome, Honorary Knight of the Order of St. John, &c., to be their Plenipotentiaries, who, after exchange of powers, found to be in correct form, have agreed to the following articles:—

Art. 1. The exercise of the rights acquired by the high contracting parties through the Vienna Treaty of Peace of the 30th October, 1864, will, without prejudice to the continuance of these rights of both Powers to the whole of both duchies be transferred as regards the duchy of Schleswig to his Majesty the King of Prussia, and as regards the duchy of Holstein to his Majesty the Emperor of Austria.

Art. 2. The high contracting Powers will propose in the Federal Diet the establishment of a German fleet, and to appoint for that purpose the harbour of Kiel as a federal harbour. Until the execution of the Diet's resolutions referring thereto, the war vessels of both Powers will use this port, and the command and police of the same will be exercised by Prussia. Prussia is authorised not only to construct the necessary fortifications for the defence of the entrance opposite Friedrichsort, but also to erect marine establishments corresponding with the object of the military port upon the Holstein shore of the bay. These fortifications and establishments are also placed under Prussian command, and the requisite Prussian naval troops and men for their garrison and guard may be quartered in Kiel and the neighbourhood.

Art. 3. The high contracting parties will propose at Frankfurt to raise Rendsburg into a German Federal fortress. Until the settlement by the Diet of the garrison relations of this fortress, its garrison will consist of Prussian and Austrian troops with the command alternating annually upon the 1st of July.

Art. 4. During the continuance of the division agreed upon by Article 1 of the present convention the Prussian Government will retain two military roads through Holstein—one from Lübeck to Kiel, the other from Hamburg to Rendsburg.

The more detailed regulations respecting the halting-places for the troops, and also respecting their transports and maintenance, will be settled as early as possible by a special convention. Until this takes place, the existing regulations for Prussian halting-places upon the roads through Hanover will be in force.

Art. 5. The Prussian Government retains control over a telegraph line for communication with Kiel and Rendsburg, and the right to send Prussian post-vans with Prussian officials over both routes through the duchy of Holstein.

Inasmuch as the construction of a direct railway from Lübeck through Kiel to the Schleswig frontier is not yet assured, the concession for that object for the Holstein territory will be given at the request of Prussia upon the usual terms, without Prussia making any claim to rights of sovereignty with respect to the line.

Art. 6. The high contracting parties are both agreed that the duchies shall join the Zollverein. Until this takes place, or until any further understanding, the system hitherto in vogue, and including both duchies, shall remain in force, with equal partition of the revenues. In case it should appear advisable to the Prussian Government, pending the duration of the division agreed upon in Art. 1 of this present treaty, to open negotiations with respect to the succession of the duchies to the Zollverein, his Majesty the Emperor of

Austria is ready to empower a representative of the duchy of Holstein to take part in such negotiations.

Art. 7. Prussia is authorised to carry through Holstein territory the German Ocean and Baltic Canal, to be constructed according to the results of the technical examinations directed by the King's Government. So far as this may be the case, Prussia shall have the right of determining the direction and dimensions of the canal, of acquiring the plots of ground requisite for its site by way of pre-emption in exchange for their value, of directing the construction, of exercising supervision over the canal and its being kept in repair, and of giving assent to all orders and regulations affecting the same. No other transit dues or tolls upon ships and cargo shall be levied throughout the whole extent of the canal than the navigation duty to be imposed by Prussia equally upon the ships of all nations for the use of the passage.

Art. 8. No alteration is made by this present Convention in the arrangements of the Vienna Peace Treaty of Oct. 30, 1864, with regard to the financial obligations to be undertaken by the duchies, as well towards Denmark as towards Prussia and Austria, save that the duchy of Lauenburg shall be released from all duty of contribution to the expenses of the war. The division of these obligations between the duchies of Holstein and Schleswig shall be based upon a standard of population.

Art. 9. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria makes over the rights acquired by the above-cited Vienna Peace Treaty to the duchy of Lauenburg to his Majesty the King of Prussia; in exchange for which the Prussian Government binds itself to pay to the Austrian Government the sum of 2,500,000 Danish dollars, payable at Berlin, in Prussian silver coin, four weeks after the confirmation of this present Convention by their Majesties the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria.

Art. 10. The executors of the above agreed division of the co-dominion shall commence as early as possible after the approval of this Convention by their Majesties the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria, and be completed at latest by the 15th of September.

The command-in-chief, hitherto existing in common, shall, after the completed evacuation of Holstein by the Prussian and of Schleswig by the Austrian troops, be dissolved, and at latest by the 15th of September.

Art. 11. This present Convention shall be approved by their Majesties the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria by the exchange of written declarations at their next meeting.

In token whereof the two above-named Plenipotentiaries have appended their signatures and arms this day to duplicate copies of this Convention. Done at Gastein this 14th of August, 1865.

HOW AND WHERE CHOLERA ORIGINATES.

At a recent meeting of Consular delegates, at Alexandria, the President of the General Sanitary Department for Egypt—Colucci Bey—communicated the draught of a report submitted by him to the Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs, which he recommended to the special attention of the meeting, expressing at the same time the wish that its contents might be brought to the knowledge of the respective European Governments.

In this memoir Colucci Bey stated the opinion, already shared by all physicians and enlightened men in Egypt, that the cholera, which first made its appearance at the commencement of this century, and has since several times completed the circuit of the world, sacrificing many million victims in thickly-peopled Europe, had its rise in Hedschaz, the Holy Land of Islamism, and notably in the cities of Mecca and Medina, and upon Mount Ararat. The Kurban-Bairam, or Feast of Sacrifice, which falls in the first half of the month Zil-hegge, and forms the object of pilgrimage, annually assembles, in the Holy City, 700,000 to 800,000 pilgrims, who congregate from all points of the Islamic compass in order then to return home with the title of Hadji. The unreasonable manner of life, the nameless filth in which these pilgrims exist during the whole period of pilgrimage, are sufficient, combined with the murderous character of the climate, to kill a large number. The dead are not regularly interred in the hurry of this wandering life, but hastily shuffled under the desert sand, subject to be uncovered by moderate wind, so that they, after a short period, infect the air. Added to these miasmata come the exhalations from the garbage of, perhaps, 2,000,000 sheep offered as sacrifices to the Deity—for even the poorest pilgrim must offer at least one. The flesh is consumed by the devotees; but the offal, blood, bones, entrails, and even the skin soon decompose in that glowing atmosphere; so that ultimately a deadly epidemic could not fail to issue from that abundance of stench. This was also the case in the present year, when the festival of the Kurban-Bairam fell in the first week of May. It was impossible but that cholera should proceed from such a centre of decomposing animal matter, and it broke out with such violence that in the space of a fortnight 100,000 pilgrims died. The scanty reports that have been this year received from those regions are positively appalling; and an agent of the Egyptian Government writes from Mecca itself that the corpses of the dead waiting for burial were piled up in all the mosques of the town.

It is a Mussulman prejudice not to change the clothes during the entire period of pilgrimage, but to wear them constantly until they return home, when they are cut into pieces and distributed as memorials among relatives and friends. The clothes of the dead, however dirty and filthy, are carefully packed up as sacred relics for the same purpose. Can it, therefore, be wondered at that these Mecca pilgrims form the epidemic telegraphic wire along which this murderous disease is diffused over the entire world? Can Europe ever be regarded as secure from the cholera or any other disease which may follow, just as cholera has followed plague, so long as this barbarous practice of pilgrimage to Mecca is not abolished or, at least, kept within reasonable bounds?

This is the gist of the memoir submitted by Colucci Bey to the Egyptian Ministry. He fully admits that the subject upon which he invites discussion is far beyond the competence of the Egyptian Government or even of the Porte, and that it can only become an object of serious negotiation by the intervention of the European Powers. But it is, nevertheless, an undoubted fact that the wretched custom of pilgrimage is the true cause of the great epidemics which periodically return to devastate the European Continent, and, regarded from this point of view, the present memoir seems to deserve consideration.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.—A Mr. T. H. Williams tells the following story in the *Manchester Examiner*:—"In the autumn of 1857 I spent a few days in a country parsonage, and on the Sunday morning at breakfast the pastor's wife received a letter, which told how that there had lately come into the next parish a new Vicar—a very fine young man, who at school had no superior either in Greek or in boxing, and who at the University won honours for his classics and silver cups for his boxing. One of his first measures was to open a school in a remote part of the parish, and get the room licensed for week-day preaching. But all the drunkards rose against such unheard-of proceedings. They would run after him, cursing and hooting, and discharging volleys of sods and other missiles. Finding remonstrance vain, he adopted another course on the Wednesday evening, in the week before I heard the story. Making a stand in the middle of the road, at the entrance of the hamlet, just as the storm arose, and looking the savages in the face, he addressed them thus, in a firm, quiet voice, which commanded their attention:—"My good fellows, I have borne this patiently for some time, but now I must put a stop to it; and I'll do it in your own way. Choose your best man, and we'll fight it out. If I beat you'll give up, you know. They looked at him unbelievably; but, throwing his coat on a bush, he added, 'I am in earnest; send your man.' The ruffians laid their heads together, and then a burly giant stepped forth and stripped, and made a furious dash at his reverend challenger, who quietly parried the unskilful blows and played with them for a few seconds; but then a fist was planted in the peasant's chest, and he lay at full length on the ground. Quickly gathering himself up, however, he skulked away to his companions. 'Now send your next best, and I'll go through the lot of you.' Again their heads drew together, and another threw down his jacket, going to work, however, with a more cautious energy; but at once a stomacher stretched him on the road. 'Your next.' Once more a conglomerate of dense pates was formed. 'Bill, thee teck him.' Bill eyed the hero askance, and shook his head. 'Thee, Jim,' a shake of the head from Jim also. 'Dick, thee'll teck 't parson?' a shake more decided, and a stiff 'Nay, nay; I see thee hung fast.' And now the first one who was vanquished stood forward, and, like a brave man, called out: 'I say, parson, you're a rare young one, ye are. I see thee teck 't we're going to hear ye preach.' And they all followed him along the little street, said the writer, and heard the Word quietly, adding, 'it remains to be seen what will come of the fight.' What did come of it? I heard, a long time afterwards, that from that day the men doffed their hats, and the women curtsied, and the children looked awe-stricken when they met or passed him; that the church and schools were filled; that the beerhouses were nearly all shut up; and that a great moral and religious reformation was in progress. I may add that, a few years back, he was deemed the fittest clergyman in the Church to go out as bishop to a scene of great personal danger in a heathen country."

ironclads lying inshore of the position, and, consequently, occupying the place of honour.

THE BRITISH FLEET IN PORT.

THE long-expected visit of the French fleet to Portsmouth has at length become an accomplished fact. Within range of our forts, and in close proximity to the most fruitful nursery of our naval power, a formidable squadron of foreign men-of-war has for several days been riding at anchor. Such, however, is the manner of their coming that so rare an event gives rise to no other feeling than one of intense satisfaction, and that not even the most timid lady sees anything in the invasion more perilous than a long vista of pleasurable excitement, culminating in a ball. From an early hour on Tuesday morning the appearance of Portsmouth gave evidence that it was stirred by some unwonted expectation; but the streets were comparatively quiet until about nine o'clock, when the firing of artillery spread a somewhat general impression that the French fleet might have come in sight. A sudden rush of some hundreds of people to the pier and ramparts was the result; but it was soon discovered that the firing was caused by the arrival of the Austrian screw wooden frigate *Friedrich*, 22 guns, Captain von Wiplinger, which had just arrived in the roadstead and dropped her anchor on the extreme west of the English fleet off Ryde, after exchanging salutes with the *Victory*, the flagship of the Port-Admiral, Sir M. Seymour, and the King's bastion battery. The disappointment occasioned by this intelligence was, however, very trifling, for, although the sky was far from being free from clouds, there were at intervals streaks of blue from which the sun shone out brightly, and it was pleasant to walk by the ramparts looking across the tranquil roadstead in which the British ships of war lay moored. During the night their numbers had been increased by the arrival from Portland of the *Research*, 4, iron-cased sloop, Captain Wilmshurst, 1253 tons and 200-horse power. On reaching Spithead she took up her position in line west of the *Prince Consort*, 35, screw-frigate, 4045 tons and 1000-horse power, Captain G. O. Willis, C.B. The remaining English vessels of war lying at Spithead to receive the French fleet, anchored in a line from N.W. to S.E., were the *Edgar*, 71, screw, wooden line-of-battle ship, on board of which is hoisted the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir S. C. Dacres, K.C.B., 3094 tons and 600-horse power, Captain G. T. P. Hornby; the *Hector*, 24, iron frigate, 4089 tons and 800-horse power, Captain G. W. Preedy, C.B.; the *Defence*, Captain A. Phillimore, 16, iron frigate, 3720 tons and 600-horse power; the *Black Prince*, 41, iron frigate, 6009 tons and 1250-horse power, Captain Lord F. Kerr; the *Achilles*, 26, iron frigate, 6121 tons and 1250-horse power, Captain E. W. Vansittart; the *Royal Sovereign*, 4, turret ship, 3765 tons and 800-horse power, Captain H. Herbert; the *Liverpool*, 39, wooden frigate, Captain R. Lambert, 2656 tons and 600-horse power; the *Salamis*, paddle-wheel despatch-vessel, 835 tons and 250-horse power; and ten screw wooden gun-boats, acting as tenders, each of 250 tons and 60-horse power. It will be seen by this list that the English fleet was very powerfully represented at Spithead, consisting, as it does, of twenty vessels, with a combined tonnage of 38,187 tons and a nominal horse power of engines of 9750.

THE WEST OF IRELAND.

THE EVILS OF OVERCROWDING.—It is not among the lower classes alone that a public opinion in favour of ventilation and against overcrowding requires to be established by sanitary pioneers. The national desire of the Englishman for snuggeries and comforts induces him but too often, as his sometimes really insane fear of draughts does, to stuff up his bed-room chimneys, list his bed-room doors and windows, and battle with fresh air as if he were taking precautions to keep out thieves or other enemies. In fact, the term overcrowding is merely relative; and the comfortable couple at the West-End, who sleep in a bed-room thus barricaded against the access of fresh air, are to all intents and purposes as pitiable instances of the evils of overcrowding as can be found in Houndsditch or in Bethnal-green. Nevertheless, the sanitary pioneers are doing their duty; and a public opinion in favour of ventilation and against overcrowding is fast growing; and on the folk-lore principle, that a straw thrown up shows which way the wind blows, the Irish navy's opinion, as he smashed the stinking gas-pipes in the street, that they needed "vintilashin," shows how sanitary ideas are spreading; and we are hopeful ere long the public opinion in favour of ventilation will fairly equal that which has already been so long and too well established against draughts.—*Builder*.

ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

in sight of Portsmouth. Its approach was an signal for a merry peal being rung by the bells of St. Thomas's Church, and for a more determined rush of people to the ramparts, which were, from that moment until long after the fleet anchored at Spithead, thronged with spectators. Shortly after, the nine most powerful ironclads in the navy of France, accompanied by four frigates, steamed slowly into Spithead, and dropped each her anchor opposite to one of her English sisters. As soon as the Solferino had anchored, the Osborne and the Reine Hortense stood towards each other, and meeting midway between the two fleets dipped their flags in salutation. The English ships at Spithead were then manned at every yard, and a more stirring scene than that which greeted the spectator, both on shore and afloat, as they did so is not easy to conceive. The Reine Hortense, followed by the Osborne, then made for Portsmouth, and as the former rounded the Spit Buoy the flag of the Minister of Marine received a salute from the Victory, stationed in the harbour. This salute the Solferino returned with rigid punctuality, belching forth flame in rapid flashes, each being succeeded by a brief silence, which although it might convey no compliment was extremely grateful to civilian ears. But the land was not to be outdone in this great strife of sound, and accordingly the roar of the garrison artillery went booming across the water, dying away in reverberations which grew fainter and fainter until, at last, they totally ceased, and the vexed air was quiet once more. By this time, too, the smoke created by the firing, which hung over the water, began to drift before the wind and to break up into light, fleecy clouds, each of which took its own way into the heavens, leaving the atmosphere immediately over Spithead perfectly clear. Then might be seen, lying harmlessly by one another in the roadstead, such an array of ironclads, constructed on the most deadly principles, as has never been seen assembled together before. Hundreds of boats immediately clustered round them; and loud cheers continued, long after they anchored, to greet the appearance of the French officers and sailors on the decks of their respective vessels. The allied fleets were anchored in three parallel lines, the English and French Admiral's ships—the Edgar and Solferino—being abreast of each other, and the French

BANQUETS, BALLS, ETC.

Saturday, Sept. 2.—Visits prior to departure: The yachts will proceed to Spithead at eleven a.m. At 11.30 a.m. the Minister of Marine will visit the Duke of Somerset; after which the Duke will visit the Minister of Marine, and will witness the departure of the French squadron from the Reine Hortense. On the French squadron weighing, the Solferino will salute the Admiralty flag with nineteen guns. This salute will not be returned. On the departure of the Reine Hortense, the senior officer at Spithead will salute the flag of the Minister of Marine with nineteen guns. This salute will not be returned.

DEATH OF GENERAL SIR GEORGE BROWN, C.C.B.

Sir George Brown entered the Army as Ensign in the 43rd Regiment in 1806, and obtained his lieutenancy the next year. He got his captaincy in the 85th while serving in the Peninsula in 1811; Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, both in 1814; was made Colonel in the Rifle Brigade 1831, and Major-General 1841; the next year he was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General of the Forces, and in 1850 Adjutant-General; Lieutenant-General, 1851; Commander of Light Division in the Crimea, 1854. In 1855, after Inkerman, he was made a G.C.B., and he attained the full rank of General in April, 1856, conferred for "distinguished service in the field."

A PUBLIC PARK, which promises to be a most picturesque one, was opened at Oldham, on Tuesday, with great rejoicing and ceremony, which even the rain could not damp. The land forming the park was purchased by the Council, and the grounds, for the most part, were laid out, of course under professional supervision, by the operatives, in virtue of the Public Works Act. The park has been named the Alexandra, after the Princess of Wales.

DISSIDENTS IN THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.—There are in the House of Commons as representatives of English constituencies—thirteen Independents, twelve Unitarians, five Jews, three Catholics, three Quakers, one Baptist, and one Wesleyan; as representatives of Irish constituencies—thirty-one Catholics, one Quaker, and one Independent; as representatives of Scotch constituencies—three United Presbyterians, two Free Churchmen, one Independent, and one Unitarian: making the total number of Dissenters in the new House of Commons forty-four, and the number of Catholics thirty-four: gross total, seventy-eight.

"THE CARRIER PIGEON."

Our engraving represents another of the very few attractions which have this year led visitors to the sculpture-room of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy; and though there appears to us something incongruous in that half nude figure which spoils the interest of such story as may properly belong to the subject, the figure itself is so

their greatness which at once assigns to them a niche in the pantheon of the world.

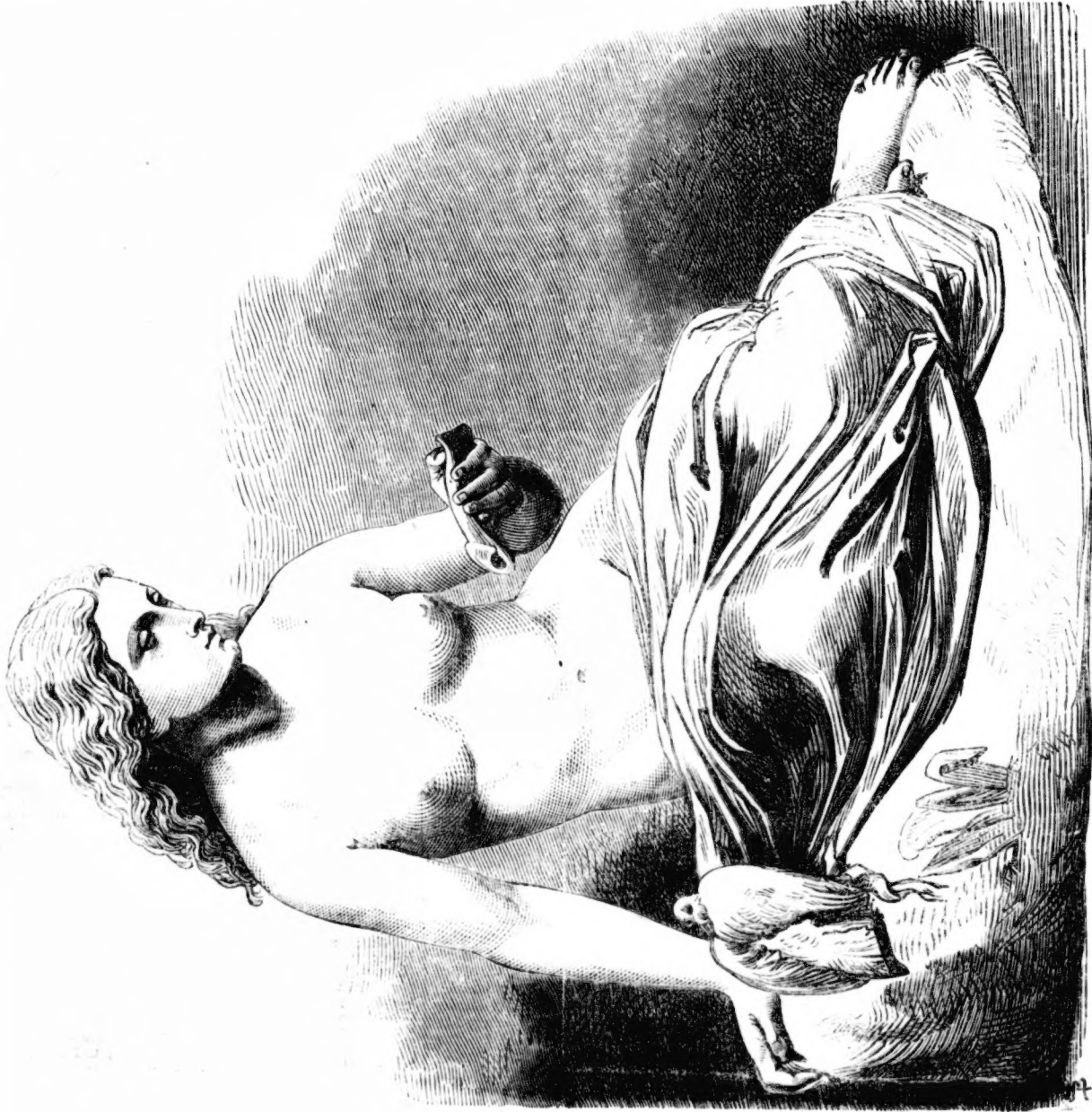
There was, perhaps, never a name which claimed a more genuine fealty from a people than that of Isaac Newton; and assuredly there have been few men whose memories have been held in more faithful regard by any people than has that of the quiet Lincolnshire boy who amused himself

disdained even the search for the philosopher's stone or the universal solvent—a discovery which it is said was half believed by Boyle and others who had perceived such wonders already dawning upon them that nothing appeared impossible.

The very personal appearance of Newton has somehow become familiar to almost every intelligent Englishman, and his life is amongst the very first of the "boys' books" in which we take a deep interest, and yet it is only quite lately that a statue has been set up in his native town of the man whose name has given a lustre to the records of thought and discovery in England. Our engraving represents another and a welcome addition to the few faithful portraits of the philosopher, and it has lost nothing by having been conceived in a poetical spirit, which has enabled the sculptor to depict him in that attitude of profound thought so intimately connected with our idea of the vast discovery with which he is engrossed.

MASONIC EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR BOYS.

FRANCONRY has long ceased, even in vulgar estimation, to be a mere mysterious institution, the members of which were believed to be in the habit of meeting together and indulging in frivolous if not dissolutive ceremonies and liberal conviviality. All the world now knows that the "brethren of the mystic tie" are active in relieving the wants of the initiated, under whatever circumstances of difficulty and danger they may be placed, and that each lodge has connected with it a benefit fund for behoof of those whom misfortune, temporary or permanent, may have overtaken. The order also undertakes the education of the sons of decayed or deceased brethren; and, for this purpose have lately erected, in Lordship-lane, Tottenham, the spacious and convenient school-house shown in our engraving. These boys, until nine or ten years since, were scattered over the country in the care of their friends, who sent them to such schools in their several neighbourhoods as were eligible, and charged the committee with the expense. The consequence of this arrangement was that the institution was very little known even in the order, and to the general public not at all. The girls' school in St. George's-in-the-Fields, subsequently removed to Wandsworth, and the asylum for old men and widows, at Croydon, were visible institutions, and liberal contributions were received on their behalf. But it was different with the funds for the education of boys. Money for that purpose came in but slowly. In these circumstances the friends of the institution determined to make an effort to obtain a local habitation as well as a name for the boys' school, and purchased the old Manor-house, Lordship-lane, Tottenham, as a place in which to lodge and educate the objects of their solicitude. The progress made by the boys when collected into one school was so gratifying that it inspired the governors with fresh confidence. They increased the number of their pupils and enlarged the curriculum of their education, and were, in consequence, still more liberally supported by the grand lodge and the craft in general. Thus, then, the institution, when once made known, went on flourishing, until at last the Manor-house became too small for its requirements. The trustees and governors, therefore, determined to build a new school-house, from the designs of Brother Stephen



"THE CARRIER PIGEON."—(W. C. MARSHALL, R.A., SCULPTOR. FROM THE LATE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)

beautiful, the rendering of the bird so perfect, and the whole expression of that face—full of concentrated interest—so finely conceived, that "The Carrier Pigeon" will, doubtless, be reproduced in some popular form, which will enhance Mr. Marshall's already enviable reputation.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON MEDITATING ON THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.

It is to be feared that, as a nation, we are not hero worshippers. The deeds of our great men live after them, their names often become household words; their lives are narrowly watched, and their virtues remembered, but neither during the lives nor after the deaths of the men themselves are we given to exalt them in any national manner, or to raise their fame by that absolute and prompt recognition of



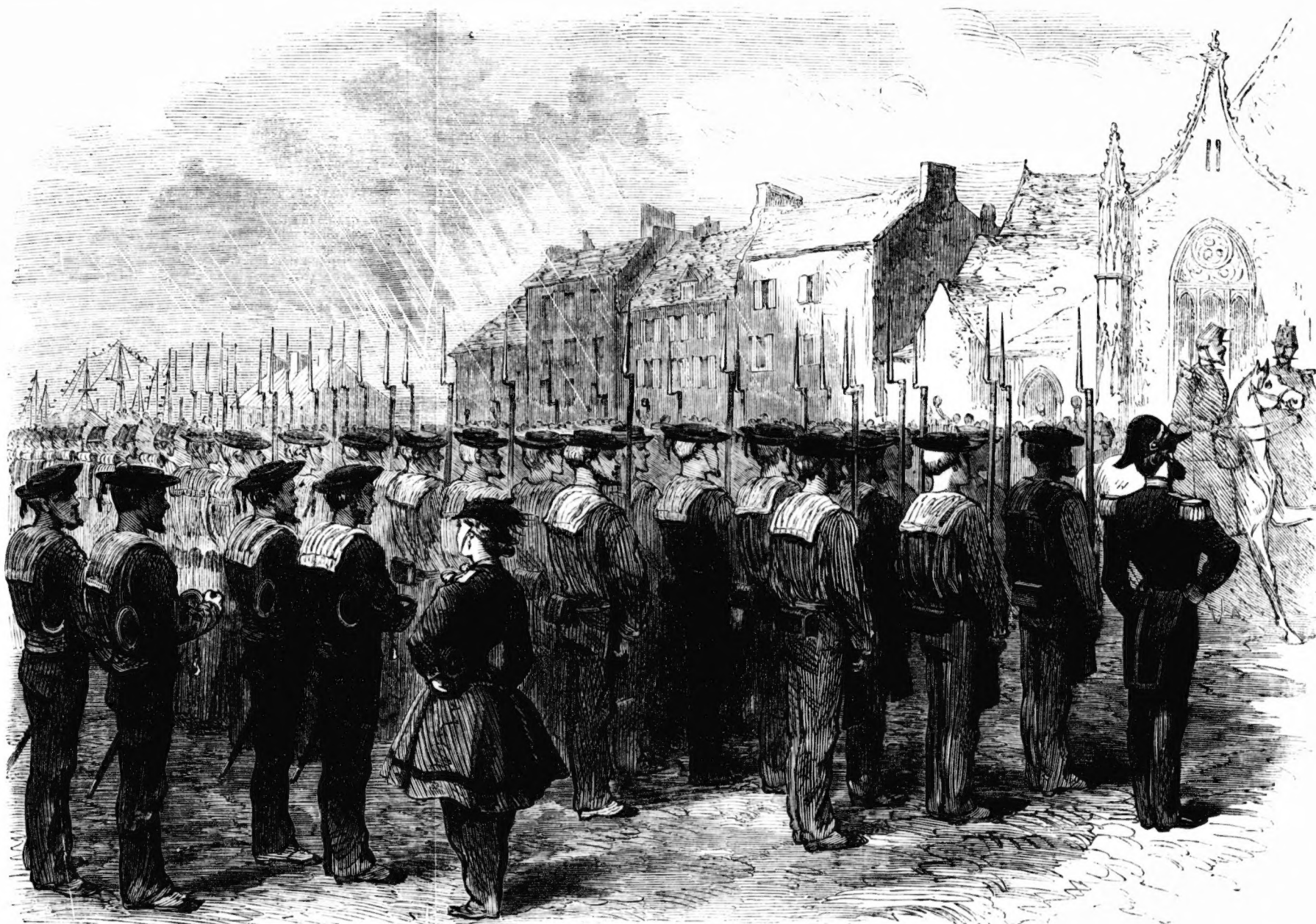
"NEWTON MEDITATING ON THE LAW OF GRAVITATION."—(J. BELL, SCULPTOR. EXHIBITED IN THE SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY.)

master of the order, laid the corner-stone of the structure, with full masonic honours. Since then the work has gone on with great spirit; and, the building being completed, the brethren met a short time since in special grand lodge, and a procession, headed by the stewards carrying their wands of office, having been formed under the direction of the G.D.C., the brethren walked in regular order from the place where they had assembled to the new building, which was thereupon declared open for the purposes of the charity by

and making the necessary provision for the education and maintenance of the boys.

REVIEW OF MARINES AT CHERBOURG.

ON occasion of the late fêtes at Cherbourg there were, of course, reviews of the troops in garrison; but a peculiar feature of the proceedings was a parade of sailors and the class of men who correspond to our marines, but who have

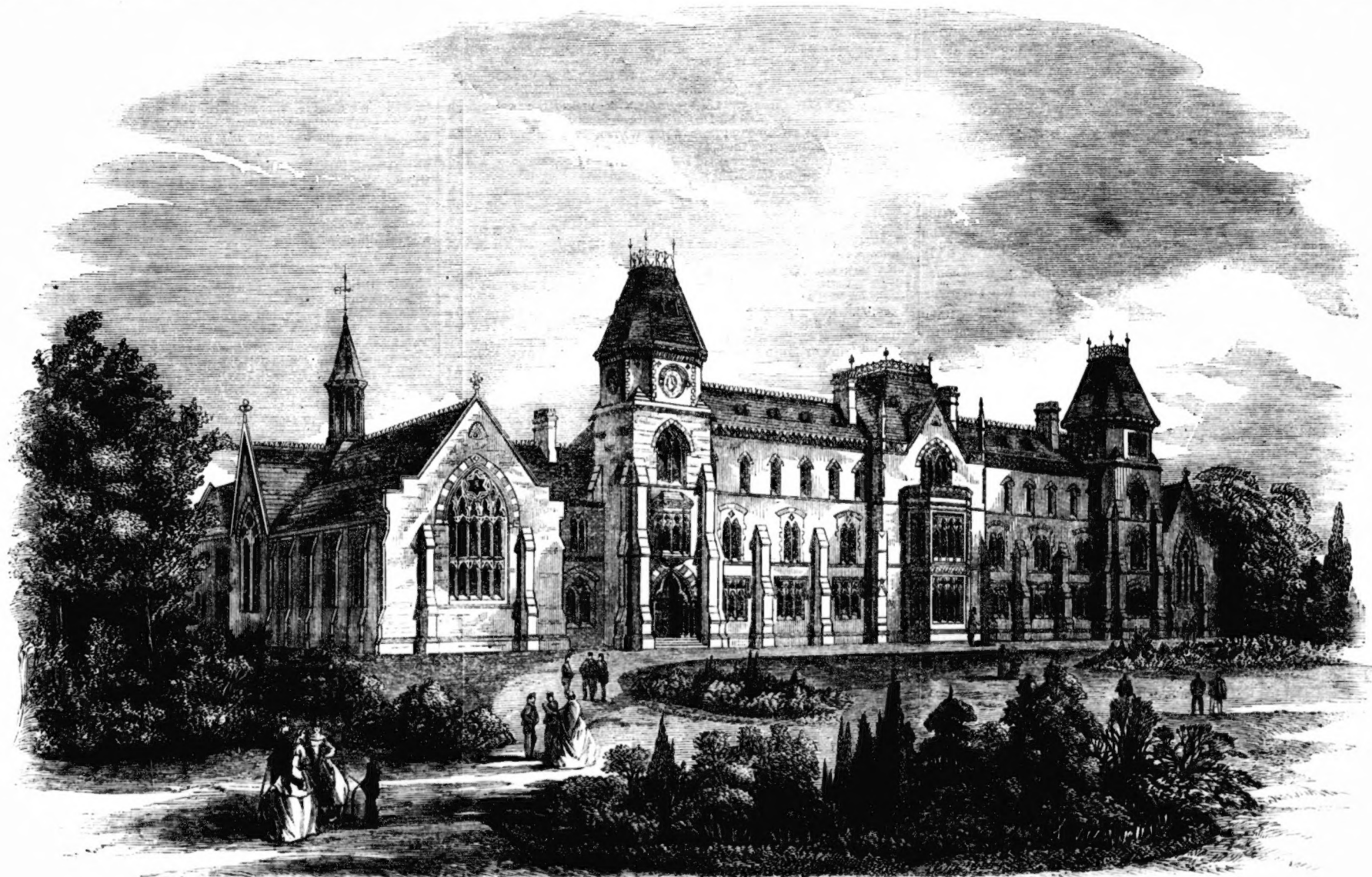


REVIEW OF FRENCH SEAMEN AND MARINES ON THE PLACE NAPOLEON, CHERBOURG, DURING THE LATE FÊTES.

very little resemblance to the "jollies" on whom Jack is so fond of playing off his practical jokes. The late proceedings at Cherbourg had a double significance, as they served at once to celebrate the Emperor's fête-day and to welcome the British fleet, which arrived on the 15th ult., while the gaieties were in progress. The state of the weather, however, considerably marred the effect of the display, military and otherwise. A correspondent who was present gives the following account of this part of the fêtes:—

"The Frenchman thoroughly identifies himself with his country; and, as France is unquestionably great, he takes an inordinate pleasure in basking in the rays of her reflected greatness. This feeling is so fully recognised, and operates so strongly, that in no country in the world possibly are so much pains taken by the Government to let it be understood that the volition and the acts of the Executive are in truth those of the entire nation, and that the voice which is heard and the words which are uttered are in truth the voice

and the words of France. And so it happens that the fête of the Emperor, which was celebrated on the 15th with more or less splendour in every town in France, kindles an enthusiasm in which all, even those who may be opposed to the Imperial régime, equally share. One dynasty or one form of government may be preferable to another; but when France, her history, her traditions, her military glory, and her fancied pre-eminence over every country in the world, are the subject of a Frenchman's thoughts, all other con-



MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS, LATELY ERECTED AT TOTTENHAM.—(S. B. WILSON, ARCHT.)

siderations become subsidiary, and are for the time lost sight of. The fête of the Sovereign is a grand national festival, on the occasion of which the individual and kingdom which he governs are absolutely identified. In most other countries the two ideas of the governor and of the governed are kept entirely distinct, and hence we seek in vain out of France for a festival at all analogous to that of the 15th of August.

"What kind of weather they may have had in other parts of France I cannot say, but a more wretched and miserable day than we were compelled to pass here it would be impossible to conceive. At early dawn a vast quantity of powder was burnt by the several vessels in the port and the batteries with which the fortifications are mounted in firing a salute of twenty-one guns, and those who were awakened by the uproar and had the curiosity to look out of their bed-room windows saw nothing to encourage them to abandon their beds for the sake of a constitutional walk. The rain fell in torrents, the wind howled, and ever and again recurring squalls swept the streets with sheets of water. As the morning advanced the weather slightly improved, but scarcely ever for a moment did the rain cease to fall. The wind, which on the previous day had been strong, had increased to a gale, and the only word that can be said in its favour is that, being from the south-west, it blew off the shore.

"The programme of the Imperial fête is much the same wherever it is celebrated. In the churches Te Deums are sung, in the squares and open places military reviews are held, in the places of public amusement gratuitous performances are given, on public and private buildings tricoloured banners are waved, and at night varied-coloured lamps are exhibited, and the evening is brought to a close with a vast expenditure of fireworks. At Cherbourg, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, the invariable programme was in all its particulars religiously observed. At eleven o'clock high mass was celebrated in the parish church, and a Te Deum sung; and between the hours of twelve and one o'clock the troops garrisoned and a portion of the sailors from the fleet were paraded in the Place Napoléon under a drenching rain. The streets were in many places almost impassable with the crowds which had arrived in great numbers from Paris, but chiefly, as I suspect, from the outlying districts in the neighbourhood of Cherbourg, who flocked into the town, and which speedily reduced the commissariat to the greatest straits."



INFLUENCE OF SENSATION LITERATURE.

WHILE suffering from a plague amongst our cattle, and threatened with a visitation of cholera, a moral epidemic seems also to be raging in our midst. A perfect mania for murder appears to have taken possession of a large portion of the population of this country. It was stated in a letter from New York lately that crime had so increased in America since the close of the war, that if the newspapers came out any day without an addition to the catalogue of horrors, the public deemed themselves defrauded of a sensation to which they were entitled. The disorganised state of society in the United States may reasonably account for the prevalence of crime there; but, without any such cause, we seem fast approaching as bad—or worse—a state of things here. Every newspaper we open contains accounts of one at least, if not of several, murders, attempts at murder, suicides, or both combined. Parents murder children; children murder parents; husbands murder wives; wives occasionally murder husbands; friends murder friends. No tie, however sacred—no association, however tender, seems to afford security to life; while lesser crimes, or follies leading to crime, are of such ordinary occurrence as scarcely to excite attention.

Whence should this mania spring? Is its source "in the earth, or in the air?" or is it not rather in people's minds? And, if so, how does it get there? We know that physical disease is always traceable to physical causes; that a foul material atmosphere will infallibly produce disease of body. It is only reasonable, then, to conclude that a foul moral atmosphere will generate disease in the mind. We are aware that this is not a new subject, and that there is nothing novel in the idea we have just expressed. But many things that are old and familiar are not the less important on that account; and, as the murder mania seems to have received a very marked development just at present, it may be worth while devoting a short time to the consideration of its cause or causes; for, of course, like everything else, this mania has a cause, if we may be permitted to repeat so very plain a truism.

To begin with, we think the sensational style of writing so much in vogue in these times lies near the root of the mischief. The novels, dramas, and so forth most in favour with the multitude, teem with narratives of vulgar crime glozed over with only a very slender coating of sham heroism, and are all the more dangerous on that account. Tom, the shop-boy, reads accounts of semi-romantic thieves, and robs his master's till. Jack, the butcher's lad, gloats over the adventures of highwaymen or famous "boy-pirates," and forthwith sets up for himself in the same line of business by committing a theft and taking to the road or running off to sea. Mary Jane, the housemaid, gets her silly head stuffed with pseudo-romantic love-stories, and falls an easy prey to the arts of some designing and heartless scoundrel, loses her reputation, is wrecked for time and for eternity, and not unfrequently makes frantic efforts to conceal her shame by murdering the innocent evidence of her guilt. These are the beginnings of evil, which, like the letting out of waters, cannot be stayed till they have run their natural course of confirmed and desperate criminality. But are not those who minister to the craving of the vulgar appetite, by writing sensational stories, the real authors of the mischief? And do not newspapers contribute greatly to the spread of crime by giving publicity to the details of every deed of horror that is perpetrated? Would

the vanity of such a wretch as Southey, for instance, ever have attained the development it has, and which led him to live a life of profligacy and to finish his career by the perpetration of a fivefold murder, had not his morbid craving for notoriety been gratified by the notice taken of him in the public journals? Familiarity with crime is the quickest path to its committal.

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

This is the dictum of a poet who had studied human nature profoundly; and, though trite, it is true, and cannot be kept too prominently before the public.

We hold, then, that the too great familiarity of people's minds with crime is a fruitful source of crime, and that it is the duty of all in whose hands is placed the task of furnishing the mental pabulum of the public to strenuously set their faces against circulating the records of evil-doing. Let such miserable wretches as Southey be left to the obscurity for which nature designed them, and let not their names and their deeds be paraded day after day, with sickening detail, in the public prints. Let criminals be denied the notoriety for which they crave, and let them suffer unnoticed the punishment which they merit, and we are persuaded that at least one fruitful source of crime will be cut off. The best argument against public executions is that they brutalise and corrupt those who witness them. Is reading the details of crimes not as likely to contaminate the mind as witnessing the extinction of life in a criminal? If public executions should be abolished because of their evil influence, the publication of filthy and revolting narratives of crime should be abandoned for the same reason. The publication of these details makes a kind of hero for the time of the rogue, the thief, the burglar, the murderer; and is sure, in consequence, to beget imitators. When men every day read stories of murders, they—it may be unconsciously—imbibe looser notions of the sacredness of human life, and are apt to take it away with less compunction. We are persuaded that, were newspaper editors rigidly to exclude from their columns the details of crime—we use the word details with a special meaning, as not including a bare record of a fact—we should ere long have a diminution of misdoings, and that the criminal mania at present prevalent would speedily die out. We commend this course to our brethren of the press; and, for ourselves, we shall continue, as we have hitherto done, to act upon the rule we here lay down.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES are to visit the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle this month. Their Royal Highnesses will remain three or four days.

THE KING OF THE GREEKS has left Athens on a visit to Corfu.

DR. COLENSO AND FAMILY sailed from Gravesend, on the 18th ult., for Port Natal.

MERCHANTS trading to Belgium no longer require certificates of origin.

A TERRIBLE HURRICANE passed over the district of Liège a few days ago, by which immense damage has been done.

A PETROLEUM SPRING is said to have been discovered near Blairgowrie.

THE ADMIRALTY, by an Act passed last Session of Parliament, is now entitled to pay and receive costs in actions at law, the same as private suitors.

A DEFALCATION of more than a quarter of million dollars has been discovered in the Phoenix Bank at New York.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, it is said, on meeting Hudson Lowe, the gaoler of St. Helena, gave him a sound horsewhipping.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH, London, which is undergoing a thorough cleansing, is to be reopened for Divine service on Sunday, Oct. 1.

CALCUTTA IS TO BE SUPPLIED WITH WATER by pipes laid from the river eighteen miles from the city.

SIX FEMALE PHYSICIANS are in regular practice in Philadelphia, and all are well patronised. One of them keeps three horses in constant use.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM will be closed from the 1st to the 7th inst., both inclusive. For the next two months after the reopening the Museum will be closed at five, instead of six, as in June, July, and August.

THE PRODUCT OF OIL IN PENNSYLVANIA is set down at 3,500,000 barrels of crude oil for the year 1865, and worth, taking an average of prices, 24,000,000 dolrs. at the mouth of the wells.

A MAN seized a gentleman by the throat, in a carriage on the North-Eastern Railway, a few days ago, threw him down, robbed him, and then made his escape.

MILIE PUSTOWITOW, the Polish heroine and companion of Langiewicz on the battle-fields of Lithuania, is at the present moment at St. Mulo, for the purpose of sea-bathing. She appears to be about thirty years of age.

THE BODY OF LORD FRANCIS DOUGLAS, who perished in the Matterhorn catastrophe, has not, it seems, been recovered, the statement to that effect having been a mistake.

FENIANISM is said to be exceedingly rampant in the county of Cork. The men are regularly drilled, taught to march and use the bayonet by paid non-commissioned officers and retired soldiers, and are occasionally assembled in heavy brigades. The day usually selected is Sunday.

LARGE TRACTS OF COMBUSTIBLE MUD exist in Oude, when, when dried, blazes freely. It has been tried at Cawnpore by Mr. Taylor, the locomotive foreman, and was found to give very nearly as much steam as wood.

A FATAL DISEASE is raging among horses in some parts of Pennsylvania. At first there is a swelling of the throat, followed, toward the last stages, by a swelling of the head and limbs, which proves fatal.

PRINCESS ANNA MURAT, who accompanied the Emperor and Empress Napoleon to Switzerland, met with a sad accident at Neuchâtel. The horses of her carriage ran away, and the Princess was thrown out. The contusion she received was severe, but she has quite recovered.

A SHOWER OF FROGS fell recently near Lanark Railway station. They seemed, from their size, to have just emerged from the tadpole state, and were apparently not a whit the worse for their fall on the hard stones.

AN OLD MAN was employed carrying refreshments from an inn on the Yorkshire moors to a shooting party, and on his way he stole a slice of bacon, and was attempting to swallow it when it stuck in his throat and killed him. He was found dead on the road.

THE PRINCE OF WALES and Prince Alfred were out riding together, when the former began to talk about what he should do when he became King. "King!" said the latter; "you will never be King. When your turn comes the crown will go by competitive examination, and then you will have a very poor chance."

THE STEAM-SHIP CORA, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, sailed from Hong-Kong on the 29th of June, and, as she encountered a violent typhoon the same evening and has not since been heard of, it is feared that she foundered, with all on board.

A CLERGYMAN OF MERIDEN, Connecticut, it is said, preached lately from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" and divided his discourse into three parts—first, all men are somewhere; second, some are where they ought not to be; and third, unless they mend their ways they will eventually find themselves where they "d" rather not be.

AT MONTPELLIER 6000 people were looking at a bull-fight, when the wooden structure on which the spectators stood gave way, precipitating them into the arena, where the bull was cowering in full fury. A dash was made by the beast into the thick of the crowd, and a mother and child were tossed into the air. More than a dozen were frightfully gored.

THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY is again in trouble, the directors being accused by Captain Jervis with seriously exceeding their borrowing powers and otherwise mismanaging the company's affairs. A committee of investigation has been appointed by the shareholders.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

MANY of the clergy—Church of England and Dissenters—are telling their flocks that this cattle disease which is ravaging our herds, and the cholera, which is expected to visit our shores, are judgments of God upon us for our sins, and that the way to avert or mitigate these judgments is to fast and pray, and repent of our iniquities. Now, not to speak scoffingly or even lightly of fasting, praying, and repenting, it is well to remind these gentlemen, as Lord Palmerston reminded the clergy of Scotland when they demanded of him that he should advise the Queen to proclaim a fast, "that the weal or woe of mankind depends upon the observance or neglect of natural laws;" "that one of those laws connects disease with the exhalation of bodies, and it is by virtue of this law that contagion spreads either in crowded cities or in places where vegetable decomposition is going on;" "that man, by exerting himself, can disperse and neutralise these noxious influences; and that it is better just now to cleanse than to fast; for, if we do not cleanse, the pestilence will be sure to revisit us, in spite"—I quote the words of the noble Lord—"of all the prayers and fastings of a united but inactive nation."

No doubt pestilence is a "judgment of God," but not an arbitrary judgment. It is the natural and inevitable penalty of an infraction of His laws. Have we any evidence that the Great Father of us all ever inflicts arbitrary judgments? Are not all our sufferings in this life the necessary consequence of infractions of law, either by ourselves or our fathers, or the Government which rules over us, or the people around us? Apropos of this, I remember reading in a book of Dr. Southwood Smith's, many years ago, of a certain court in the metropolis, which was permanently the haunt of a destructive pestilential fever. This came under the notice of the doctor. He got this foul court cleansed and drained, and incontinently the fever left it. Here, again, is another example of what may be done in the way of "averting the Divine judgments" by obedience to nature's laws. A village with which I am well acquainted was annually visited by a pestilential disease, which was awfully fatal, and defied all the skill of all the doctors of the neighbourhood. The people who lived in this village were simple and pious, and, as it was natural that they should do, when human help failed, they appealed to God to "stay the plague." They had daily services both in church and chapel for prayer, and I have no doubt that both ministers and people were entirely sincere. But the plague was not stayed. Every year it came, and seemed to increase rather than diminish in severity. Well, at last this pestilence attracted the notice of a young doctor in a neighbouring town, who had not before paid attention to it. He suspected at once that there must be some local cause. He visited the place. He observed a large stagnant pond in the middle of the village, and at once divined that this was the source of the evil. He promptly wrote to the proprietor of the village, the pond was cleaned out and filled up, and the pestilence vanished, never again to return. A great law had been broken, "judgment" followed upon infraction; obedience to the law was restored, and the "judgment" passed away. I have noticed these two incidents, not because they are specially remarkable, but simply because they came opportunely into my mind. The reports of the Board of Health are full of examples of what may be done to prevent disease by very simple methods; and surely it would be well if the clergy, instead of terrifying their hearers, and thus making them predisposed to disease, and calling upon God to work miracles, would make themselves acquainted with these reports, and teach their flocks how, by temperance and cleanliness—cleanliness both in their persons and houses—they may be prepared to resist the impending scourge.

By-the-way, pure water is one thing that we all of us ought to try to get, and most of us who can afford it have, I suppose, got filters in our houses to purify the water which we drink. But these portable filters are but poor expedients. They are too small to supply a sufficiency of filtered water; they soon get foul; servants will tamper with them, and, moreover, we never can be quite sure that they are regularly supplied with water. And besides this, if we have self-supplying boilers, the water we have in them is not filtered. Well, your readers will be glad to know, if they do not know it already, that, by a new patent filter fixed inside the cistern, all the water supplied to the house can be filtered. I saw this patent filter in operation at the House of Commons last Session, and ordered one immediately, and now every drop of water that comes from my cistern is filtered. But what is the cost? you will ask. Well, the cost is a rental of one sovereign a year. For this annual charge the filter is supplied, fixed, and kept in order. The office of the company which supplies these filters is in the Strand.

And so the Hon. Frederick Lygon is to be assistant Conservative whip, *vice* Mr. Whitmore, who has lost his seat for Bridgenorth. Good! We shall no more be troubled and kept out of our beds by Mr. Lygon's pertinacious and unreasonable talk; for it is not the custom for whips to talk in the House. Their place is the door or the lobby, and their duties are to keep watch and ward, to whip-up absent members, and to keep those present from straying away when they are wanted. Mr. Lygon's acceptance of the post of assistant whip is to me rather surprising. He has lately made himself very conspicuous in the House, and I had fancied that he was aiming at something much higher than the somewhat menial office of junior whip. More than once he has fiercely attacked the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and on one memorable night he certainly did succeed in exciting the anger of his great opponent, if he did no more; and, having entered the arena and crossed swords with so redoubtable an antagonist, it is certainly remarkable that he should take off his armour, lay by his sword, and drop down into the position of a mere keeper of the lists. There can be no doubt, though, that the step is a wise one. The door and the lobby are fitter places for partisans of Mr. Lygon's calibre than the foremost bench of the Opposition, where the leaders sit; and probably Mr. Lygon has discovered this, or, it may be, had it suggested to him.

The privilege to commit murder with impunity is, it seems, still enjoyed by the nobles of Prussia. Ott, a French subject in the service of the English Crown, and about to undertake the duties of chief of the kitchen in the household of Prince Alfred, was enjoying himself with some friends in a tavern in Bonn a few nights since. After a time, he and his friends sallied forth to go home, partly, it is probable, excited with wine; but, by all accounts, neither intoxicated nor quarrelsome. They met a party of students in the street, one of whom was in military costume and armed with a sword. A dispute arose as to which side of the path the two parties should respectively take. Blows were exchanged, life-preservers were used by the students, and the gallant soldier drew his blade and ran the cook, who was totally unarmed, through the body, inflicting a wound of which he died in a few hours. The murderer, who is named Eulenberg, and is a nephew of the Prussian Minister of the Interior, remained unmolested in Bonn for several days, and then proceeded to the capital. Here he was "placed under arrest," in consequence, it is said, of representations made by Queen Victoria. But it is publicly stated in the Berlin papers that he is not likely to be tried, much less punished; and the reason assigned is that he is a noble! and therefore, I suppose, entitled to murder miserable plebeians whenever he so pleases. If this be so, the Prussians live under a very pretty state of law; and I, for one, should not wish to be a citizen of that portion of the Fatherland, at all events. But will the Emperor of the French quietly allow his subjects to be murdered according to Prussian noblemen's privileges? and will the British Crown acquiesce in the butchery of its servants on the same score? I hope not; and should France and England, by insisting on the punishment of this cowardly "nobelman," influence the Prussian Government—the Prussian Parliament counts for nothing at present—to amend the law and abolish such privileges, they will confer an invaluable boon on all Prussians.

During the American war, an association was formed in London under the title of the Emancipation Society, the object of which was to aid in effecting the abolition of slavery in the United States. I don't know who the members of this society were, but am satisfied that their object was laudable, and that they were earnest and sincere in carrying it out. They have now, however, dissolved the

association.—This is a little premature, surely. Although nominally abolished, slavery is by no means eradicated from American soil. According to Mr. Johnson's policy, the Union is to be restored by the action of the States—that is, by the States voting themselves back into the Union and making certain amendments upon the Constitution. Some of the States—Kentucky, for instance—decline either to adopt the proposed amendments or to vote the abolition of slavery, and the result is that the blacks have almost totally left Kentucky and betaken themselves to the North. Other States may follow the example of Kentucky; the slaves will have to run from bondage; and they will certainly perish in large numbers, as they are doing now, in the effort to win a living in freedom. Would not the Emancipation Society have shown truer philanthropy and a more genuine love of the negro by continuing its exertions till he had passed out of the transition state in which he now is, and obtained something else from freedom than the liberty to starve? That seems the prospect, for the present, of very large numbers. Surely the Emancipation Society loved the negro as much as it hated slavery, and should not have relaxed its efforts till his welfare had been ensured.

The late exhibition of the Royal Academy, I learn, has been a very profitable affair—the most profitable, in fact, which has ever been held. Upwards of £13,000 has been taken for admissions and otherwise, which is £700 above the profits of last year, and nearly £3000 more than those of 1862. The artists, too, have done well, having netted at least £400 more for pictures sold than they did in 1864. These are exceedingly satisfactory results, for several reasons. In the first place, it indicates a growing appreciation of art in the public mind; for it should not be forgotten that only a few years ago £6000 was thought a large "taking" by the Academy, and that, too, when pictures as good, to say the least, were on the walls as those exhibited this year. Those must be good times for art and for artists when people are willing to pay more to see and more to possess pictures than ever they did before. A well-filled exchequer, too, ought to enable the Academy to extend its operations, and to provide against the time when it will be obliged to vacate its premises at the National Gallery and provide itself a home elsewhere.

And now I am called upon to contradict a paragraph, dated July 29, which credited the late Mr. Lane, rose-grower, of Berkhamstead, with a second marriage and twenty-eight children. A correspondent, who writes as "a relative," says it is all a mistake. As my informant—I carefully spoke of my informant, I remember—was a deaf gentleman, whom I may never see again, I don't quite see my way to investigating the matter. But I suppose his deafness explains it all; he misheard something or other and misinformed me. The story is just as good, if you read Somebody instead of "Mr. Lane," and omit the parody of the old classical myth. But my correspondent is wrong in talking about "private domestic affairs." Births and marriages are public affairs, registered as such, and most distinctly the property, as facts, of the community at large, to say nothing of the fact that a man's tombstone usually records anything distinguished in his personal relationships. If I write, "Mr. Bluebeard had six wives, three blonde and three brunette, and I once saw him kiss the housemaid," I publish, in the world's italicised, "private domestic matters;" but the bare fact that he had six wives, or sixty children, is public property. It appears that Mr. Lane was not even pitched out of a gig in 1859! and that he was the husband of one wife is flung at my head by the writer of the letter with an indignation worthy of Dr. Primrose or Mr. Whiston. The moral of the story is one which is taught in many a farce and comic tale: never trust a deaf man's gossip.

LITERARY LOUNGER. THE MAGAZINES.

The magazines, as might be expected, always come in with great irregularity. Some are early, some are late. I will not say it is impossible to notice a magazine without having examined it, nor will I say it would be a dangerous thing to do, for, with impudence, you may do almost anything and come off safe (a large subject that, on which there are folio volumes that might be written, but never will be!); but I will say that it is what I will never stoop to. We know our catechism, and that we are not to bear false witness against our neighbours; and if a critic asks, "Who, then is my neighbour?" he must be answered, "Sir, the writer whom you review is your neighbour—see that you do not tell lies about him."

Temple Bar is a better number than usual. The essays are very pleasant, but the author of "Through Bucks"—a fine specimen of an almost extinct animal, the "real old English gentleman" of Leigh Hunt's days—does Mr. Staunton wrong when he says that gentleman "would substitute expulsion for flogging at public schools." The fact is this: Mr. Staunton, assuming (I fear it is too much to assume) that a certain shameful punishment is reserved for shameful offences, maintains that under any circumstances it is brutalising to all concerned, and proposes in such extreme cases to substitute expulsion after three warnings. Well, fine old English gentlemen may grumble, but the flogging-block (!) is doomed. It may excite some surprise that our "gentlemen" should be the special advocates of so many brutal things; but the reason is not far to seek. The fact is, that highly-artificial product known as "a gentleman" is got up expressly, because it is assumed that, if you scratch the civilised being, you find the savage underneath. "Gentle" manners are the outworks of mutual barbarism, conscious of itself. There are plenty of exceptions; but, generally speaking, there is no human being whom my observation of life teaches me so deeply to suspect as "the perfect gentleman." He is usually so confoundedly well got up in the easy virtues that you fear you could not rely upon him for the difficult ones at a push; and, in the great majority of cases, the basis of his character is a profound brutality. The writer of these articles in *Temple Bar* is a splendid fellow, whom I thoroughly like and always read. A little more anecdote of permanent interest—and so very "human" a writer (excuse the cant phrase) can have no difficulty about that—would make his papers well worth reprinting in a volume.

Mr. Scoffern's scientific papers are always very agreeable and informing. There is one, on the Prehistoric Man, in *Temple Bar*; and one, on Fallacies of the Senses, in the *St. James's*. This last magazine contains, too, a very good paper indeed, signed "Mary Brotherton," about America. I have had the happy fortune to be always pleased with this lady's casual contributions; the fineness of her conscience, the clearness of her vision, the care with which she expresses herself. The new story by the lady "author of most of the new novels" is begun; but we cannot judge of "The Ladies' Mile" at present. One thing is clear—the author works too hard.

The *Shilling Magazine* is one of the pleasantest on the list. It looks uncommonly nice, and it really is nice. The stories are among the very best; the illustrations are excellent; and the magazine can be heartily recommended.

London Society is a bright, clever number—woodcuts even better than usual. But the one to "Faithful and True" is an exception—it is ugly and absurd. "My Darling Down by the Sea" looks as if she were reciting a part—say, a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy"—

Aspasia—Fie, you have mis'd it here, Antiphila!

Suppose I sit upon the sea beach now,

Mine arms thus; and mine hair blown with the wind, &c.

As for the girl in the picture to "Faithful and True," she has evidently knocked off the gentleman's hat.

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* is up to the mark. In the usual "Club," the "Rector" (one of the members) expresses a hope, when the names of our dozen or so of literary M.P.s are run over, that "we shall not have a Parliament of doctrinaires." Ah! what a humorous idea! In the first place, if our literary men were, as a rule, doctrinaire, a few dozen would do no harm among the 658 "practical" men. In the next place, the English mind is very rarely doctrinaire at all. A man need not be doctrinaire because he has a theory. But that's one of the things people won't understand. A theory is only a cork jacket to swim with. It is not a uniform for other people to be forced to wear. A wise theorist says, "This is my cork jacket; if you can swim with it, do"—that's all.

THE QUEEN AT COBURG.

COBURG AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

ALMOST exactly in the centre of Germany are situated the town and castle of Coburg. All round the lovely hills of Franconia extend in a wide, verdant, and well-wooded circle. A cheerful country, a cheerful people: apparently a pleasant idyl in the midst of this restless, excitable, and go-ahead age of ours. And yet there has been a good deal of history's—trouble some history's—business transacted in this tranquil corner of Fatherland. Hence proceeded the Franks, bent on conquering France and giving a new name and dynasty to the Romanised Gauls. Here was the home of Charlemagne, here his beloved castle, where he would receive foreign embassies in regal pomp, and, in friendly intercourse with scholars and clerks, rest from conquering the solid Saxon of the north and the fiery Celt and Moor of the west. Here for an entire century was the seat of the early Emperors of Germany, the recruiting-ground of their hosts, the starting-point of so many famous expeditions to the promised land on the other side of the Alps. Hence Henry IV. went on his humiliating pilgrimage to Canossa, to beg pardon of the Pope, whom he had vainly striven to reduce to the estate of a simple bishop and subject. He, as his predecessors, had attempted too much. In the rashness of their sanguine temper, and flushed with the success of their Royal race, they would have liked to curb their haughty vassals at home, laying low at the same time the rising ambition of the Holy See. The plan miscarried, and the establishment of the Papacy as a secular, powerful entity, together with the breaking up of Germany into a legion of semi-independent States, was the consequence. Is not that a pretty handful of events to occur in a silent glen or two?

With the fall of the Franconian Emperors and the advent of the Saxon dynasty, empire for ever departed from the Franks. Of all German countries, their own now became the most divided. Nearly every town of any pretensions to size and means became a Republic by itself; nearly every knight a Sovereign in his own right. Not even a common provincial Duke, who flourished in most other parts of Germany, could attain any permanent position and influence among the "frank and free men" of this particular tribe. The country meanwhile was extremely prosperous, from the richness of its soil, the mechanic and artistic ingenuity of the inhabitants, and the considerable share they had in the then largest commerce of the world—that of the Levant. The episcopal towns of Bamberg and Würzburg were centres of early science and poetry. Nuremberg, the flower of German cities, while rivalling Venice in enterprise, industry, and art, in its own political sphere was accounted one of the leading powers of the Reich for a couple of centuries. If Franconia was no longer mighty, some of her individual States held a respectable position in that wonderfully intricate and complicated Teutonic world of theirs; if, from a ruling Power of the Continent, they had become again a quiet, self-contented race, and, to this day, remain divided between Coburg, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Baden, Hesse, and the republic of Frankfurt, the Franks retain their old reputation for talent and worth among their countrymen, and have cultivated the arts of peace with remarkable success. In old times they produced Dürer, Vischer, Hutten, and other men of mark. But lately they presented the world with the invention of the fast press, giving to Germany more particularly a Goethe, Börne, Bettina, Rückert, and Bopp.

HISTORY OF COBURG.

Coburg is but a little pearl in the rich array of cities studding the valleys of the Maine, Saal, and Itz. Like the rest of Franconian territories, the ancient fastness as well as the diminutive town at its foot, which have borne the name of Coburg for the last 700 years, belonged to many a princely house in the course of time, passing from hand to hand by marriage, inheritance, or war. About 500 years ago they fell to the Dukes of Saxony, being the dowry of a fair Countess of Henneberg, and transferred with the young bride, together with her treasure and trousseau, according to the habits and customs of the time. 300 years later they were settled in perpetuum on the Gotha branch of the numerous and many partite family of the Saxe. Of the ancestors of Prince Albert, who held possession of the burgh, many seemed to have lived for a time in what was long considered an outlying territory by princes habitually residing at the terrible distance of a hundred miles off at Gotha, Weimar, or thereabouts. Still, being situate in a wealthy neighbourhood, and a strong place enough, until the invention of gunpowder made an end of the old fastnesses, Coburg was always regarded as a most valuable piece of property by its Gotha masters. Such, we dare say, thought it also Elector John Frederick, surnamed "the generous" by grateful history, the friend of Luther and the disinterested promoter of Church reform. It was he who sheltered the audacious monk within the walls of his inaccessible stronghold, while the new denominations he had established were handing over their "Confession" to Emperor and Parliament in the celebrated session at Augsburg. The act and his subsequent conduct in the interest of faith and truth cost John Frederick one half of his possessions; but, as he often said during his captivity, which lasted full five years, he was quite ready to lose his head into the bargain, could the sacrifice benefit the good cause. In the Thirty Years' War the Government was occupied alternately by the Swedes and Germans, besieged in vain by Wallenstein, and a *ruce de guerre* coming conveniently to his aid, taken at length by one of his generals. Peace restored the castle to its former owners, when its rôle in history came to a close. The part it now plays is the more modest one of a fine, old, well-preserved invalid, the delight of travelling visitors, a surviving actor of past events and a silent witness of those present, and, let us hope, of many to come.

The valley of the Itz is just wide enough and the ridges encompassing it are just sufficiently high to combine the bolder beauties of the mountain world with the more rural and unpretending attractions of an undulating plain. You feel yourself in the hills, and may climb in scraggy woods without losing sight of fields, farms, and pasture land. You have to ascend some 500 ft. to get to the top of the broken, varied ridge; but on arriving at one of the numberless *points de vue* you find yourself on a smooth plateau, or on some jutting headland, descending in gentle slope to the village on its skirts. Nature made easy is the pervading character of these pleasant districts. No country can be better fitted for parks, and few have had their natural features improved with more careful and aesthetic refinement than this little duchy, and more particularly the parts of it in the immediate possession of the Dukes.

THE CASTLE.

As you saunter along amid oaks and beeches up the side of the Bausenberg, you are at a loss to define the exact boundaries between the original copse and the gardener's park. Past many a lovely view down the shaded glades, and here and there an open glimpse at the valley and the town, you reach a strong wall, apparently in the midst of the forest, being the first or outer inclosure of the old castle. A few minutes' walk will bring you to the moat, protecting the second wall, which, in due succession, is followed by the third and last. They are solid works in a state of perfect preservation, and must have been formidable impediments in pre-artilleristic times. The inner circumvallation, with rampart, bastions, and the traces of an ancient glacis, would make a respectable fort even now; or, at least, might be easily turned into one. There are cannon disposed on the works, mostly of curious shape and workmanship, some of them exquisite models of the founder's art. The first piece of artillery meeting your eye near the principal gate has a little figure of Luther on the barrel kneeling opposite that of the Pope, and boxing his ears with equal satisfaction to himself and effect on the victim of his wrath.

The castle is a very extensive conglomeration of palatial, military, and other buildings, dating from various ages, and unlike in size and style. The whole, however, looks rather like a mediæval mansion-house than a fort. Some enormous piles, with slanting roofs in the ordinary fashion of the age, will remind you of patrician buildings you have seen at Nuremberg or in some other neighbouring town. They are disposed on the level summit of the hill without much symmetry, divided by spacious courtyards, and connected by buildings of inferior quality and size.

Were Coburg the hereditary seat of a line of mighty conquerors, or had it begun giving kings to the world as early as five centuries ago, no more palatial hall would be needed to represent old family pride, wealth, and influence. They must have been valiant and successful seigneurs indeed who contrived to erect such a structure and amass such eloquent proofs of opulence in the retirement of a Franconian *schloss*. You are amazed to find such a number of lofty Gothic rooms in a palace scarce known to the foreign tourist. You wonder at the highly-finished carvings in wood—statuary work in oak one might call it—covering the doors, wainscoting, and ceiling of many of the apartments formerly inhabited by the noble owners. You like to look at the stately rooms where the ancestors of the deceased Prince, who was destined to marry the Queen of England, were leading a quiet and comfortable life centuries ago. You admire the number and value of the family pictures, dating back as far as 200 years ago, the portraits of the great men of the Reformation filling some of the rooms, and the very creditable frescoes adorning the walls of others. You are agreeably surprised to discover a large and remarkable armoury in what is but one among the many seats of the Royal and ducal house of Saxony. In Germany, it is said, there is nothing to compare with this collection of swords, pikes, helmets, hauberts, and cuirasses from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. Indeed, a good many men might be clad in coat of mail from the treasures of Coburg Castle. Breastplates, casques, and the whole accoutrement of chivalry are exhibited in long rows, including every size, kind, and taste, and calling back to memory the glories of a time when war was the rule and peace the exception. Swords and elegant blades from Italy and Spain, as they shine and glitter on the wall, try hard to convince you that there may be luxury even in death—a proposition which, perhaps, is rather supported than otherwise by contrasting it with the executioner's axes exhibited in another part of the hall. There is a broadsword which saw the heads of no less than 101 people (let us hope they were all criminal enough to deserve punishment) roll in the dust under its deadly blows; the axe with which the wicked Grumbach, who stole a couple of Saxon Princes, was quartered; and many more lions in the carnifical and torturer's line.

A separate room contains a collection of 800 muskets, fowling-pieces, and rifles—exquisite weapons, belonging to all ages, and including specimens from the clumsy arquebus and firelock down to the rifles of these latter days. A most interesting collection of mediæval carriages, chiefly bridal cars of heavy yet fantastic form; other collections of the most celebrated engravings of ancient art, of coins, autographs, and objects of natural history—each of them large and remarkable enough to do honour to any regal palace in the world—complete that portion of the furnishings which, above all others, bears witness to the quality of the men that took delight in bringing together, owning, and using them. When we have added that among the rifles the most highly prized is the one which did such formidable execution in the hands of Andreas Hofer, the leader of the Tyrolean people's campaign against the marshals of Napoleon I.; that among the coats of mail is to be seen the cuirass of Thomas Munzer, the captain of the infuriated serfs in the Peasants' War; that there is the veritable bedstead of Luther, still standing in the same dark and narrow alcove in which he slept during his sojourn here; that Gustavus Adolphus bequeathed to the fort and to his illustrious friends inhabiting it a sword and a bumper, when one fine morning, 225 years ago, he bade them adieu in the castle-yard, and rode down the blossoming avenue to fight the Pole, the Spaniard, and the Wallon, then serving the Kaiser; that the paws of the Christian and the Gefion, taken by the reigning Duke in the Danish campaign of 1848, are exhibited along with trophies of older date; and last, not least, that the collection of autographs, being greatly increased by the donations of Prince Albert to his ducal brother, enough has been said of the relics and other objects of particular interest to give an idea of the accumulated treasures of history deposited at Coburg.

THE TOWN.

Coburg, a town of some 12,000 inhabitants, seems to be a well-to-do place enough, having lately come into vogue among tourists, and attracting an ever-growing number of visitors, who stay a week or two, passing their *villeggiatura* in this beautiful neighbourhood. There is also a good deal of industry in the adjoining parts of the duchy of Meiningen and in Prussia, which has helped on the place and made it the centre of a busy little world of its own. Export breweries, cotton spinners, and mills, rifle-works, and very large toy and wicker-work manufactures, are flourishing in the vicinity. There is a daily paper, three political weeklies, a public library of 50,000 volumes, a private circulating library of as many, a respectable publishing firm, and four booksellers besides; an excellent grammar school, a good theatre, a reading-room, a free-masons' lodge, a bank, a gymnastic society, some other societies, and such a number of pleasant beer-gardens, where people will drink, chat, and perhaps turn all the world topsy-turvy in the liberal and progressist ardour of their discussions, that one really does not know how they possibly contrive to have the time for making all the money, they spend so many hours in applying to the intellectual and material enjoyment of life.

ROSENAU.

The mansion or castle which bears the name of "Die Rosenau," the house where Prince Albert was born, is about four English miles from Coburg, across a plain bordered on the right, as you walk towards it, by the last brows of the hills of the Thuringian forest. On the highest of those bluffs stands a mass of buildings in the shape of a fortalice, all walled round—barracks, chapel, hospital, &c., conspicuous among which two slender mediæval turrets rise at each end. That is "Die Coburg," the ancient stronghold of the ruling race, and, from its commanding position, it overlooks not only the town that bears its name, but also the country for a great many miles round. The approach to the Rosenau is over extensive grounds laid out in smooth lawns and rich clusters of forest trees, with almost all the neatness of an English park. At the gate, however, a sight perfectly characteristic of this country, and for which you would look in vain at the entrance of a squire or nobleman's park in England, to say nothing of the abode of Royalty, awaits you. The lodge, an extensive and rather elegant building, is used as a public tea or beer garden; and there, at scarcely the distance of a hundred yards from the mansion, groups of the neighbouring peasantry and of pleasure-seekers from the town make merry over their cans of beer and plates of their beloved schinken and cheese. The Royal party at the château can just manage to keep up an open way for the carriage between the rows of tables and benches, and across perfect clouds of smoke from the good people's pipes. All this is perfectly in keeping with that kind of family feeling which binds the meanest German boor with what he calls the "Landesvater." It is but justice to say that nothing could be more exemplary than the behaviour of the feasting multitude. Here, amid the crowd, were to be seen some of the humbler members of the Queen's retinue; for the mansion at the Rosenau is small, and the lodge, which has the dimensions of an hotel, accommodates not only grooms and footmen, but also followers of more distinguished rank.

Through the midst of this motley company we made our entrance into the park, which is denied to no one. The castle is built on the summit of a conical hill, of very moderate size and height, but rather steep. It is a squeezed-up, tall building, with four of those pointed and battlemented gables which look so quaint and picturesque in the streets of old-fashioned German cities. Without going in one can see that the old style of the building (for the mansion is ancient, notwithstanding the white or rather light-yellow washing which disfigures it) must cramp and contract it uncomfortably in the inside, and interfere with those arrangements which the security of our own times has rendered possible, and which luxury has made indispensable in a country residence. The Rosenau has more the look of the ancient Burg than of the modern Schloss. We should expect to find there neither spacious halls, nor easy stairs, nor balconies, nor large "French" windows opening out into the lawns. It is more difficult

to find fault with the site of the house. Without being such an eagle's nest as the Coburg—nay, embosomed as it is in dense groves so jealously that you can nowhere catch a glimpse of its cream-coloured gables till you are within twenty or thirty yards from the house door, the Rosenau enjoys a most extensive and charming view—in front, over the plain; at the back over a range of beautifully shaped hills, richly mantled with wood to the summit, the central mass of which encompasses the house and its park on three sides. On one of these three sides a ridge seems to detach itself, which shut in the plains with a semicircular sweep, or gracefully undulating line, culminating at the old fortress of Coburg. At the foot of the hill, whereon the fortress stands, lies the modern town residence of the Duke, a small but not inelegant palace—the main building rather too narrowly inclosed between two wings—surrounded by lofty grounds laid out in open terraces, which constitute the favourite promenade of the town.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S STATUE.

The spot in the market-place of Coburg upon which the statue of the late Prince Consort is erected was selected by the Queen herself, who, whilst the municipal authorities of the town were engaged in collecting the subscriptions necessary to raise a monument to the Prince, informed them that she herself would give the statue, leaving to the Coburgers merely the provision of the pedestal. Mr. Theed ought to be proud of the compliment which has thus been paid him by his Sovereign. The statue which her Majesty has thus presented to the town of Coburg, and the inauguration of which she has been pleased to make such a solemn festival, is from his design. It has been cast by the firm of Lenz and Herold, in Nuremberg. The height of the statue is about 10 ft., and the Prince is represented in the costume of a Knight of the Garter. The face of the Prince is turned towards the Townhall, in front of which the Royal gallery was placed. The pedestal, which is of polished granite, bears in front the inscription, "Albert, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Saxony, Prince Consort of Great Britain and Ireland, born the 26th of August, 1819, died the 14th of December, 1861; with this motto beneath—"Das Gedächtnis der Gerechten ist im Segen." The other side has merely the inscription, "Erected the 26th of August, 1865." It is effective as a work of art, and its



ROSENAU, COBURG, THE BIRTHPLACE OF PRINCE ALBERT.—SKETCHED FROM THE GARDEN.

selection by the Queen is conclusive evidence that it is a faithful portrait.

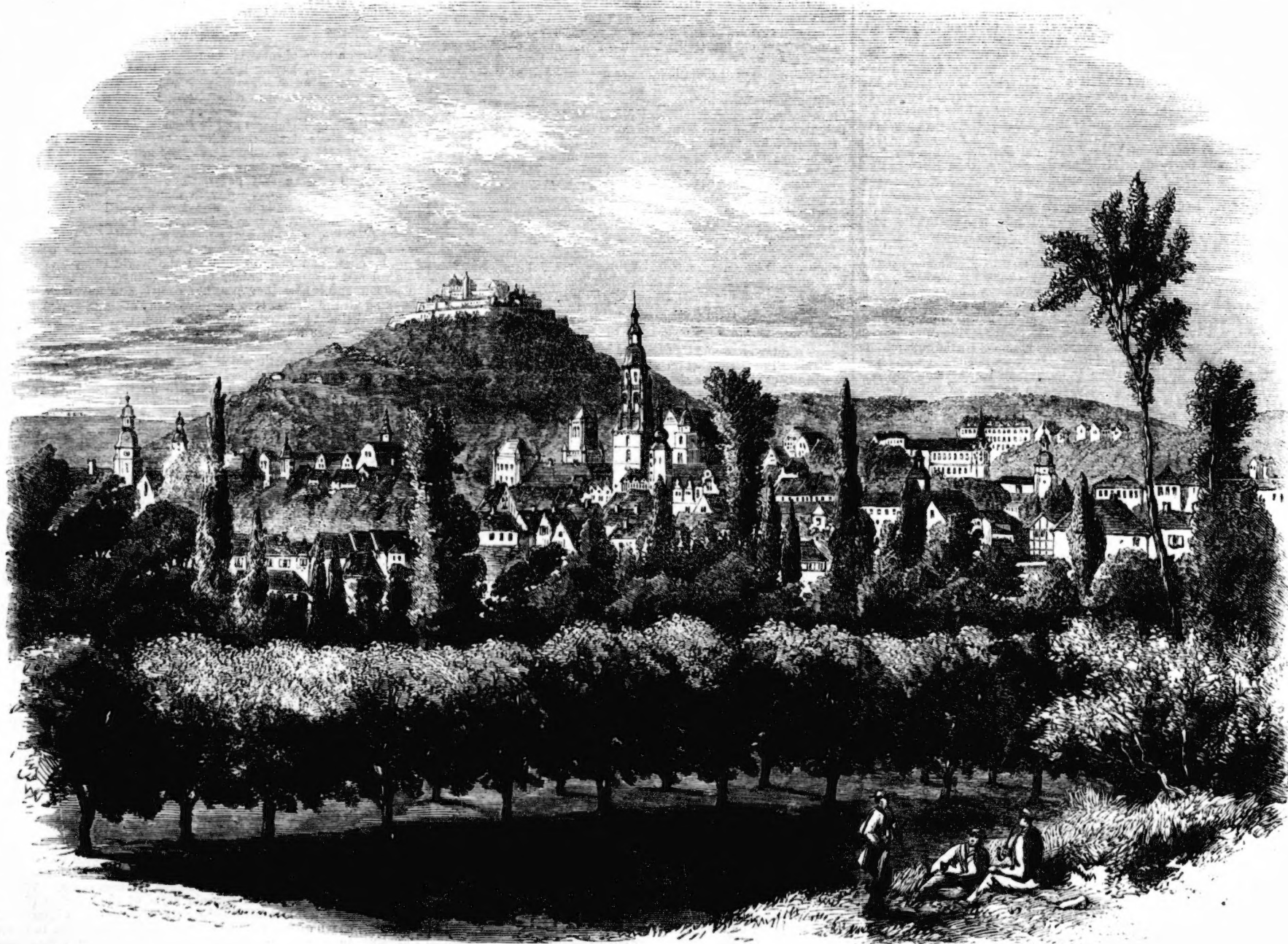
THE INAUGURATION.

The uncovering of the statue took place on Saturday last, under the most favourable circumstances. The little town of Coburg had put on her best holiday dress, and every house was gay with garlands, festoons, and streamers; coats of arms, masses of flowers, and every variety of simple but tasteful devices. Every window-sill, every mullion and cornice, up to the topmost gable, was mantled with evergreens. The last finish had been given to the public buildings in the market-place. The Townhall and the Government offices were hung with flags drooping down from the roofs to the basement, and the same vivid colours waved from lines and flag-staffs all across the square. These colours were chiefly the green

and white of Coburg, the black and white of Prussia, the red and yellow of Baden, the red and black of Württemberg, and the red and white of Darmstadt. The union jack and the Royal standard of England were not forgotten, nor yet that German tricolour, that unfortunate Schwartz-Roth-Gold, which never, perhaps, more emphatically than at this moment represented a bare idea—a mere geographical expression.

The heavier wrappings had been removed from the statue of the Prince Consort, and there it stood, in the centre of the square, with no other covering than a thin white linen cloth; opposite to it was the Queen's pavilion, an elegant structure, all scarlet and gold, with a canopy supported by eleven columns, and above it, in two escutcheons surmounted by a Royal crown, the arms of England and Coburg, and again, over the crown, the English standard. All round the square, right and left and opposite, were the tribunes all walled with evergreens; some for distinguished strangers, others for the notabilities of the place. The profusion of all that nature lavishes, most lovely and most charming to the eye in field, garden, or forest, gave the somewhat homely but not common place, and, indeed, highly picturesque, town a look of half rural festivity, which had little to envy the more gorgeous shows of motley drapery and glittering tinsel with which southern lands usually celebrate their solemnities.

The crowd, even the privileged many who had admission to the reserved galleries, began to fill their places soon after two in the afternoon. The sun was intensely brilliant, and the heat overpowering. Hats and umbrellas were but an imperfect screen; the intense glare made eyes and head ache. Yet before us, together with the Duke's battalions mustering up in the square, and whole legions of students and schoolboys in their tiny saucer-like caps with invisible brims, there came upon the torrid pavement two fair bands of young damsels, all dressed in white, but distinguishable on one side by green, on the other by pink, ribbons. All these girls had wreaths of flowers in their hands; all of them were bare-headed, bare-armed, bare-shouldered. How they did manage to hold their ground for two roasting hours is what we could not help wondering all the time. A little before four o'clock, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Alfred, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Duke of Cambridge, and a host of other Royal and distinguished personages arrived, and took their places, and



THE TOWN OF COBURG AND ITS ENVIRONS



"THE APPLE HARVEST IN JERSEY."—(DRAWN BY ALFRED BLADEN.)

waited for the Queen's arrival from Rosenau. Soon after four the bells from all the steeples in Coburg set up their loud peals, the cannon thundered from the fortress on the hill, the bands struck up the solemn notes of the English National Anthem, and the Queen's carriages drove up amidst the loud shouts of the multitude. In the first carriage were her Majesty, Prince Arthur, and Princess Beatrice; in the second, the ladies and gentlemen of the Queen's suite. Of the Royal family only the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary were absent. They had remained at Rumpfenheim, the summer residence of the Landgrave of Hesse. The Queen was received at the carriage door by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. She soon appeared in her place in front of the pavilion; she wore deep mourning, black dress and bonnet, with a black veil thrown back, and under her bonnet that cap à la Mary Stuart with which the English public have lately become familiar. The Royal ladies around her wore colours, and the variety of their lively costumes presented a striking contrast to the sable hues in which the principal personage was attired. Prince Leopold and Prince Arthur wore Highland costumes. Prince Alfred wore the Coburg uniform. All the other Princes and their attendants displayed the English colours.

The Queen stood up in her place while anthems were sung by the chorals, with an accompaniment by the band. She stood up while the Bürgermeister of Coburg, from a very low platform in the middle of the square before the statue, delivered a long—an unconscionably long—address, every word of which was lost to the tribunes, and to which no answer was vouchsafed. When the speech came at last to an end there were more lofty strains from the band, more peals of the bells, more discharges of artillery, and at a given signal the linen wrappers of the statue collapsed, and the gilt-bronze of the hero's effigy stood out, all glittering in the flaming sun, with its countenance fixed upon the countenance of the Royal lady by whose unwearied love it had been reared on its pedestal.

Presently the bevy of damsels in green and pink ribbons, who had been so long baking and waiting for the performance of the part assigned to them in the ceremony, stepped forward, and one by one laid before the pedestal their wreaths and garlands. There was a new anthem by the chorals, and, as its last notes died away, the Queen withdrew, and all thought she had gone back to her carriage, when she was seen at the head of all her family, walking across the square up to the monument, where she handed to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg the bunch of flowers which had long lain before her on the balcony of the pavilion. Those flowers were laid by the Duke on the pedestal, and along with them all those of the Princesses and Princes, till the fragrant mass rose high up to the feet of the statue.

Her Majesty then walked back to the pavilion, and presently her carriage left the square amid the loud shouts of the people. The whole ceremony lasted hardly twenty minutes. When the last of the Royal carriages had disappeared the multitude, which had long been pent up at the inlets of the market-place, broke in like a swelling tide upon the empty area, which was soon black with its swarming masses. Only a few minutes later the Queen, who had been driving round the gaily-variegated streets, reappeared once more unexpectedly on the densely-set square to obtain one more glimpse of the newly-inaugurated monument. The crowd, among whom her carriage could with difficulty make its way, greeted her enthusiastically on her progress, and it was noticed that as the Queen passed she had a smile and a kind word for the sculptor, Mr. Theed, who, together with Messrs. Thomas and Win'erhalter, were standing on the steps of the pedestal.

AN APPLE-GATHERING AT JERSEY.

READER, if, during the hot, lazy season of autumn, you can obtain one ten days' holiday, out of reach of diurnal posts and telegraphic messages; and, if you have never been to Jersey, go thither, by all means. Six hours by sea from Weymouth or ten from Southampton, and you will find at Jersey an epitome of all that is beautiful in nature. There are tall, red, iron-stone cliffs fronting a sea so wild that only at a single point—the harbour of St. Helier—is the island approachable. There are historic and anti-quarian sights crowded within the compass of a day's walk—the old cell of St. Helier, hermit, at the top of a lonely rock far out into the sea, and only accessible from the mainland twice a day at the ebb of the tide; the castle in which Pym, the famous Puritan, spent years of imprisonment; the old manor houses of farmers whose ancestry date from Norman vasaurs. Green hills, almost mountainous, slope deeply down into rocky bays, in which sharp rocks stand out until lost in the sea perspective. Fuchsias blossom wild in the hedges, and as you pluck them the Jersey green lizard, bright as emerald in hue, runs through the vivid herbage. You strike, unthinkingly, missing your blow in haste; but he leaves his tail in affright. For he is one of the fragile reptiles, and can snap off his termination (at least for once) at will. There it lies, among the grass, wriggling like an eel.

The fruit of Jersey is unequalled anywhere in Britain. As you ride along the inland lanes the arching fruit-trees meet above your head and invite you to pluck at will. The Jersey pear attains a size and flavour which it would be vain to attempt to imitate by appliances of hothouses or the like. The Jersey cabbage grows to 6 ft. high, and the islanders make walking-sticks of its stalks. Its growth is represented in the left corner of our Engraving, which faithfully portrays a Jersey "orcharding." On the occasion represented by our Artist, the crop of apples from this one farm amounted to 18,000 bushels.

MR. MOENS, whose long enforced sojourn amongst the brigands in the neighbourhood of Salerno has excited so much anxiety on the part of his friends and of interest in the mind of the public, has been released from his captivity. His ransom cost 30,000 ducats, or about £6750 in hard English cash.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE SCREW-PROPELLER.—A series of important trials has just been completed on the Thames and Medway to discover the best form of screw-propeller for the propulsion of steam-vessels, by which some exceedingly valuable data have been arrived at. The vessel experimented upon was a screw-steamer belonging to Messrs. Rennie, fitted with an improved Griffith's propeller, as supplied to the ships of the Royal Navy, with the addition, and in which lies the improvement, of what may be termed a fixed screw, or "boss," having a number of arms attached, similar in form and design to the sails of a windmill, the invention of Mr. Rigg, a civil engineer at Chester. The attention of Mr. Griffith has been directed to this subject from the fact that nothing has been done during the last few years to improve the propeller invented by him. The new invention may be described briefly as a "boss" attached to the rudder-post of the vessel, behind the ordinary screw. Emerging from the "boss" are a number of blades, which, for the sake of description, may be called a fixed screw, which in reality it is. These blades are set at a directly opposite angle to the screw, and on the latter being set in motion the water acted upon is ejected at an angle corresponding with its pitch and velocity. At the instant of the water being thrown off by the screw it is arrested and caused to deviate by the fixed blades already described, as it impinges upon them. The result of this operation is that the water is thrown off at nearly a line with the vessel's keel, taking away all vibration, rendering the action of the rudder more perfect, and, as a consequence, enabling the ship to be more easily steered. The result of the trials, which were conducted personally by Mr. Griffith and Mr. Rigg, under the supervision of Mr. Rumble, late chief inspector of machinery of the steam reserve in the Medway, was in the highest degree satisfactory. The new system, it may be remarked, has been tested in juxtaposition with the improved Mangin screw now introduced into the Royal Navy, and fitted, in the first instance, to the iron-clad frigate Achilles, built at Chatham Dockyard, as well as to the iron-cased frigate Bellerophon, now preparing for sea at the same establishment, and the results obtained are somewhat surprising. With the Griffith screw working in conjunction with Mr. Rigg's invention the mean speed attained was 7.574 knots per hour, with 184 revolutions per minute. With the ordinary screw now in use by the Admiralty in the new ironclads the average speed attained by the same vessel was only 5.871 knots per hour, with 227 revolutions of the screw per minute. The results of the experiments were consequently ascertained to be an increase of 1.703 knots per hour in speed, with forty-three revolutions less per minute; or, in other words, a gain of 22.48 per cent in speed, with a saving of 18.94 per cent in power. It is hoped that the Admiralty will grant the use of the iron screw steam-yacht Fairy for further experiments with the invention, as that vessel is in every respect better adapted than, perhaps, any other steamer in the Navy for experimental purposes, while she has the further advantage of having had nearly every form of screw ever invented tried upon her.

Literature.

Wayside Warbles. By EDWARD CAPERN, Rural Postman of Bideford, Devon; Author of "Poems," "Ballads and Songs," and "The Devonshire Melodist." Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

One of our contemporaries said the other day, in reviewing Mr. Buchanan, that it was totally impossible that "a private in the army of journalism" could be a poet in any worthy sense. This raises, once more, an old, old question.

There is no doubt a poet ought to be a man of leisure, and of the finest culture. It has been well said by Mr. Mill that the first of our recent poets have not only been men of means, but men of the largest culture possible to the time. He mentions Shelley and Byron, and we may add Tennyson and Browning.

Wordsworth was hardly a man of means, though he had *always* enough. Keats is commonly spoken of as an apothecary's boy, in such a way as to lead ignorant readers to imagine that he wrote "Hyperion" while he was pounding drugs for a living; but that is a mistake—Keats had had a little legacy of £2000.

We have had a good deal of poetry, such as will live, from men who were not rich, of course—Burns, for instance, and, a still more extraordinary case, John Clare, who was a *great* poet. Mr. Hedderwick still lives, and Mr. Gerald Massey; and both are, we believe, journalists. But there is no doubt that our contemporary was right so far as this, that a poet who is a peasant or a shopman stands a better chance of such leisure as he chiefly wants than a journalist does; for the leisure he chiefly wants is *leisure of the brain*. Leisure of time anyone can make, or almost anyone; but the journalist uses up in his head-labour the brain-energy which he possesses, besides leading a broken, worrying, anxious life; so that a farmer's boy, given a little culture, is better placed than a journalist. But decidedly "a private in the army of journalism" may be in a more favourable position for brain-leisure than an officer in the same army. A good deal, of course, depends upon his wants and upon his tact; but an officer in the army of *daily* journalism has just no brain-leisure at all.

There is one thing more, however, to be said, and it is this:—*The fortunes of poems utterly transcend and baffle criticism and prophecy.* We do not mean that a fair critic cannot tell bad poetry at once; but no critic can tell on which poem the lot of immortality will fall. This alone would be sufficient to encourage those who really know that they can write poetry to keep on; but they may find guidance, as well as encouragement, if they will study the *history* of poems, and observe, for themselves, on which poems the lot has hitherto fallen from time to time.

Mr. Capern, as we all know, is neither a farmer nor a journalist—he is a Devonshire postman. He was recognised, long ago, as a man with a real gift of song, and we are very glad to meet him again, and to have an opportunity of warmly commending his book to our readers. We will not call him a rustic Moore, for he has no glitter, which Moore had; and he has depth of sincerity, which Moore had not. But his poems have about them touches of improvisation which are very charming, and which remind us, however remotely, of Moore. But Mr. Capern is a man of truer, purer poetic faculty than the author of "Lalla Rookh," for whom culture, opportunity, and social excitement did so much. In all his life Moore never wrote anything so sweet and innocent as this:—

THE LILY OF THE CITY.

Yonder she dwells, beside the kirk,
Amid the suffocating mirk,
Where not a patch of grass is green,
Save that upon the graveyard seen.

I cannot praise her rosy cheek,
For sooth within her ringlets sleek
No tint of the queen-flower remains
To speak of breezy hills and plains.

A pale-faced lily of the street
Is the dear lassie honey-sweet;
With all the floweret's lowly grace
And pensive look about her face.

I talk'd to her of fields and stiles,
She lit up like a sea of smiles;
For, thinking of her native bowers,
And ankle deep amid her flowers:

Sweet old familiar notes she heard,
The warblings of her woodland bird;
And, heedless of the factory din,
Paced once more by her merry linn.

As guileless as a daisy, she
Stood lost in silent reverie;
When, lo! her tears came welling up
Like bubbles in a crystal cup.

Then sweetly she began to sing,
"O how I love the bonny spring!"
And dreaming of her father's cot,
She conjured up its bloomy knot.

"Have you a garden plot?" said I;
When thus the lassie made reply,
"I'd like some flowers, but dare-na see
Them stifled by the mirk and dee."

Without saying that we think everything in Mr. Capern's new volume ought to have been printed, we have much pleasure in saying that it contains much that will make itself remembered; and we will close this notice by quoting a short paragraph from the preface:—

THE HISTORY OF THE BOOK.

These poems are what their title indicates them to be,—genuine "Wayside" Warbles, the major part of them having been thought out and written by him in the open air, while doing duty as a rural postman. It may also be of interest to give some little idea of the manner in which they have been worked up. Some object or incident, or a conversation with a rustic by the roadside, has often suggested matter for a short song, which the author has frequently thrown off at the moment in the presence of a fair inspirer, or a more brawny companion. Having sung his ditty as he composed it—as in the case of "Bonnie Maggie Hilton," "Merry Labour," "A Song in Sunshine," and others—his next care has been to rescue such as he has deemed worthy from oblivion. Hence the rude bar of a Devonshire stile or field-gate has often served him for a writing-desk. Or, seated on the side of some friendly hedge, his post-bag resting on his knees, he has pencilled out his thoughts in the rough, to be polished up in the little cottage when he arrives at the end of his outward journey.

Odds and Ends, No. 7. Notes from Paris; or, Why are Frenchmen and Englishmen Different? Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas.

We have already had occasion to notice the series of entertaining tracts which Messrs. Edmonstone and Douglas is issuing monthly under the above title. The tract before us purports to be notes of a sojourn in Paris, and professes to answer the question why Frenchmen and Englishmen are different. Now, while the writer tells us a good many things in which the peoples of the two countries are different, *why* they are so is not by any means made plain. This, however, is not surprising; for it is very much easier to observe and state a fact than to find an explanation of it. The writer of these "Notes" begins on what we suppose is a just as well as an orthodox fashion—that is, by abusing the English and praising the French hotels. This, we doubt not, is all right, and deserved in each case; at all events, hotel-keepers in England can hardly complain of condemnation while they afford so much reason for grumbling by their defective attention and extravagant charges. Once in Paris, the writer sets himself to work observing, conversing, questioning, and generally making himself acquainted with everything he can in and about the French capital. The author's statements as to the popularity—or, rather, unpopularity—of the present régime in the large towns, are perhaps to some extent true; but, if we may judge by appearances, France, as a whole, is decidedly Bonapartist; and as, under the Emperor and free trade, the bourgeoisie are getting richer and richer every day, it is probable that, if the present ruler of France is spared a few years longer, the urban will be of the same mind as the rural population as to the benefits of his reign.

Perhaps the most valuable portion of these "Notes" are the parts where the writer describes the recent improvements in Paris, which certainly seem to be carried on on a most gigantic scale, and completely outshine anything our own Metropolitan Board of Works can do. It appears that, in 1852, the first year of the empire, M. Haussman, on behalf of the Municipality of Paris, borrowed fifty millions of francs, or £2,000,000 sterling, which went but a small way in carrying out the Prefect's operations. "Since 1854, Paris has spent in public works—roads, bridges, streets, churches, markets, gardens—900,000,000f., or £36,000,000 sterling; upon which the inhabitants are now paying interest, including the small help of 13,000,000f. furnished by the Imperial exchequer; and the Prefect has work now in hand which will cost 223,000,000f. more, besides 178,000,000f. of necessary operations." Truly, if Paris is being made a city of palaces, she has to pay for it. The details of a great deal of this enormous expenditure are set forth by the writer of these "Notes;" and it is remarkable that nearly every franc has been spent for work above ground—that is, which can be seen—and that drainage, in which Paris is decidedly defective, meets with little or no attention. Mr. Thwaites's work in London during the last few years, if less ornamental, certainly seems more useful than that of M. Haussman in Paris.

There is a vast deal of other information in this little tract which is sure to be valuable. But we should like to hear what our Northern Sabbatarian friends will say to the reasons for not becoming a Protestant given by a French gentleman to our author:—"In truth, the Protestant religion is the most rational. I should become a Protestant myself, but for two reasons: first, the noise and talk it would create; and, second, that the Protestant would have me give up my theatre of a Sunday, which would kill me. Ah! if you knew the pleasure of going to the play on Sunday, after a week of hard work!" The first reason every one can appreciate; but "going to the play on Sunday" preferred "to true doctrine!" Shades of Knox and the Covenanters, and spirits of Dr. Candlish and Company, what say you to that?

Intervals of Rest and Refreshment during the Heat and Burden of the Day. By A. LABOURER IN THE VINEYARD. Hatchard and Co.

This little book of devotional verses has a commendatory preface by the Bishop of Ripon, and the Irish Church Missioners are to have the profits of the sale, if any. It seems to have been written by a City missionary, and it is as modest as possible in its pretensions. Our duty is done when we announce the book and say that, measured by the standards to which it appeals, it fulfils its promise, being sincere in expression and written with evident care. The writer, along with all sincere labourers with good motives, has our kind wishes.

We may take the opportunity of expressing once more our deep conviction of the *supreme* worth of sincerity in literature, and of its title to respectful recognition from the critic. Our estimate of what a man writes must be governed (in the main) by the same principles as our estimate of what he says; and, in all human affairs, honesty is what we should chiefly respect. To-day, or tomorrow, when we glance hurriedly, or in an unfit mood, at the sincere but not brilliant page, we see nothing in it, perhaps; but another day, another hour, the fire from heaven comes down, strikes along the line, and we are debtors to what we once passed by. We may still have to say, "This is not brilliant;" but, in the hour of our trial, it is not the brilliant word that we need, it is the word that is charged with genuine emotion born in *another's* hour of need. Without regard, then, to the "objects" with which this book is printed, or the creed of the author, and looking simply to its sincerity, we have no hesitation in announcing it with some little pains.

The Cruise of the Frolic. A Story for Yacht-loving People. With Illustrations. By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Author of "Blue Jackets," "Peter the Whaler," "Salt Water," "Ernest Bracebridge," &c. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

Mr. Kingston is a writer of bluejacket stories who is sure of a welcome. We all know him, and this is one of the pleasantest of his works. As we open the pages at random we come upon what everybody would expect in a yachting-book—"the bright polish of the brass belaying-pins;" lovely girls; companion ladders; Newcastle colliers; "Mr. O'Wiggins of the Popple schooner, Sir;" and all the rest of it. "Gradually she heeled over to it." Of course she did! "The hatches were battened down." To be sure! "By the time we were up with the wreck the sea was as calm as glass." Certainly! "I jumped on deck without awaking O'Malley." A very proper piece of caution! "The girl smiled faintly and her eyes filled with tears. . . . One of our slaves saw the murdered man on the beach where he fell, and the dagger sticking in his bosom." If any boy can resist that, there is no truth in boyhood and no use in reviewing. "The huge monster glided by, her side almost touching our taffrail, and her lower studding-sail booms just passing over our peak—so it seemed; our topmast, I know, had a narrow squeak for it. 'What ship's that?' shouted Porpoise, springing up on deck. 'Her Britannic Majesty's ship Megatherium'—so the name sounded." If that doesn't make a boy feel as happy as if he had a yacht of his own, the world is come to a bad pass. By the time the Frolic, in her Mediterranean cruise, has got back to Gibraltar there is a ship on fire to be seen; and, altogether, the book is one to be devoured by boys—a good story, a real cruise, very salt language, no end of jib-booms and spritsails, and fo'ksles; love-making, mischief-making, and a general sensation of the wind in the canvas, with a plunging at the bows, a furrowing after the keel, and a dolphin on the track. The book is a capital one for a present.

THE RUINS OF BURY CASTLE DISCOVERED.—Topographical history informs us that in ages long past there stood, on an elevated position near to Castle-croft, in Bury, one of the twelve baronial castles of Lancashire, and that during the civil wars the frowning fabric was battered by the cannon of the Parliamentary army from an entrenchment called Castle-steads, in the adjoining township of Walmerley, from which period its overthrow may be dated. None of the ruins, however, appear above ground at the present day; but occasionally portions have been dug up, and it is generally supposed that some of the old dwellings adjacent to the ancient site are partly constructed with the old red sandstone of which the castle was built. For a long series of years, we believe, no portion of the foundations have been laid bare; but during the last few days some of the workmen engaged in the construction of a main sewer, along the line of an intended new street leading from the Old Market-place to Castle-croft, came in contact with some heavy masonry which interfered with their progress, and, on digging down from the surface, it was discovered to be the foundation of the western side of the long-buried ruins. The discovery soon excited the curiosity of the inhabitants of the town, and tracings from an ancient map were eagerly inspected, from which it was seen that this was the exact spot where the castle originally stood. A considerable portion of the foundations has been cleared. The rubble walls are much decayed, whilst the abutments, eight of which are at present exposed, are in a state of capital preservation, each stone plainly marked with X, which is believed to be the delph or quarry-mark. The extent of the building is said to have been 84 ft. by 60 ft.; and, according to the map, the cas le precincts appear to have extended to the course of the River Irwell, which formerly took a circuitous direction by the foot of the declivity on which now stands Brunswick Chapel and the town's office, and running along by the bottom of School-brook.

MR. POTTER AND THE TRADES UNIONS.—The annual delegate meeting of the trades of London was held, on Monday evening, at the Bell Inn, Old Bailey—Mr. Mildred (of the Carpenters' Society) in the chair. There was a large attendance. The report stated that, as regarded the Staffordshire strike, the council could not refrain from stating their conviction that the terms for arbitration offered by the Earl of Lichfield and accepted by the masters had been rejected by the men in consequence of the glowing promises of support held out to them night after night at the irresponsible meetings convened by Mr. Potter. Mr. Allen, secretary of the Amalgamated Engineers, moved the adoption of the report, which was seconded by Mr. Palmer. Mr. Davis (Society of Painters) moved, as an amendment, that the portion of the report which impugned the conduct of Mr. Potter be omitted. This having been supported by several speakers, Mr. Potter said he never received a penny for his services on the occasion of the strike in the iron trade. What-ever had been the character of the meetings to which the term "irresponsible" had been used, there could be no doubt that they had proved a grand success. The meetings of the council only consisted of three or four. He begged of the meeting to expunge the paragraph reflecting on him, and he had no doubt that the intention was to crush him. After a most excited discussion, the amendment was put and negatived, when the motion or the adoption of the report was carried.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

A FORM of cattle pest, known as the Siberian murrain, has broken out in the government of Tver, in Russia, and is stated to have committed terrible ravages among the herds. The Foreign Office has given publicity to a despatch from Mr. Lunley, at St. Petersburg, in which he states that the Russian Government has determined that no single head of cattle shall leave a Russian port without examination and a certificate of health. Consul-General Mansfield also sends a despatch in which he gives the important information that water impregnated with iron is a remedy for the disease. It was found (he says) that cattle on a farm where there was chalybeate water were not attacked, or recovered very rapidly, after drinking plentifully of the water. The hint was not lost. Rusty iron was put into the cattle-troughs, and highly chalybeate water thus produced; and the cattle which drank of it speedily recovered.

A circular from Mr. Helps, of the Privy Council Office, announces that the Government have received information of the cattle plague having broken out in the Netherlands, in consequence of which increased vigilance is urged upon the Customs House officers and others charged with the duty of inspection at the out ports that no infected animal shall be allowed to enter the country.

The Government has yielded to the pressure put upon it by the Irish gentry and cattle-owners, and an Order in Council has been issued making it illegal to import into Ireland from England any horned cattle. The order does not prohibit the importation of cattle from abroad into Ireland.

Another series of orders issued from the Privy Council office appeared in a supplement to the *Gazette* published on Saturday last. By these orders all mayors, provosts, sheriffs, justices of the peace, &c., in England or in Scotland, who have reason to apprehend the approach of the cattle plague in their district, are empowered to appoint inspectors who shall have power to visit all fairs, markets, and other places where cattle are to be found; to separate infected from healthy animals, and, if necessary, to order them to be slaughtered. The orders also prohibit, under a penalty, the transporting of infected cattle by ship, railway, or common road, or the bringing of them to fair or market.

A deputation from the City Corporation waited upon Mr. Waddington at the Home Office, on Wednesday, in reference to the cattle disease. The deputation sought for the sanction of the Government to the establishment of hospitals for diseased cattle in the metropolis. Mr. Waddington promised to lay the statements made to him before Sir George Grey.

Mr. Tallcot, cowkeeper, of Sudbury, thus describes his method of lodging and tending his cattle:—

I keep one hundred cows within six miles of London, which are fed, like most dairy cows in the neighbourhood, on cut grass, grains, mangold wurtzel leaves, and flour. They are never turned out into the fields. On hearing, three weeks ago, that the plague was raging in my (the N.W.) district, I determined to give each cow daily half a pint of prepared charcoal mixed with her grains and flour, and one ounce of nitre (dissolved in cold water) in half a pint of water every other morning. I have freely used Burnett's disinfecting fluid, dashing it with a wisp of hay against the boards upon which the cows breathe, and along the alleys and openings into the drains. I lime-wash my sheds every month, and paint the cows' noses with Stockholm tar every morning. I attend to the ventilation, which is as free as I can make it. I have not yet done it, but I intend to fumigate the sheds by burning a little tar on red-hot bricks in them every day. Hitherto, I am thankful to say that the plague has not visited me. I do not mean to say that these means are a preventive, and I am very far from being presumptuous enough to say that my turn is not at hand; but I state the broad fact that my cows never were healthier than they were last night at eight o'clock, and, such being the case, I give the measures I have adopted, so that others may, if they think fit, give them a trial. They are, at all events, within the means of any person who keeps cows.

GALLANT RESCUES FROM DROWNING.—On Saturday last an old gentleman, who was in the act of stepping on board a steamer from the pier of London Bridge, missed his footing and fell into the stream. The tide was running up with great rapidity, and the old man, who was scarcely able to swim a stroke, was speedily swept through the bridge. Just at that moment a young man named Hanford threw off his coat and shirt and plunged into the water. He reached the drowning man just in time to hold him up. By this time both were in a very dangerous part of the river, where it is impossible to land; but the young man held the old gentleman up, amid the cheers of the spectators on London Bridge, until a boat from the pier reached the spot, when they were both taken on board.—On the same day, as the visitors at Withersleeve were bathing, a young lady named Landon ventured beyond the usual limits and was carried out by the receding tide; but a youth named W. Nicholson, an attendant upon the bathing-machines, on hearing the alarm, at once dashed into the sea on horseback. The lady was being rapidly carried out to sea, but the daring youth pushed his horse to the rescue. For a few minutes nothing could be seen but the head of the horse and face of the boy. After swimming some distance, he saw the body of the lady, and, seizing her by her hair, drew her to the shore, where immediate assistance was rendered. She was removed to a house near the beach, and, after three hours, was restored to consciousness, and is now quite recovered. Those who saw the accident all say that a smarter or more gallant act has been seldom seen, and, for the credit of humanity, it should have honourable mention.

DEATH OF JUDGE HALIBURTON.—The Hon. Judge Haliburton died on Sunday, at his residence, Gordon House, Isleworth. This celebrated writer was born in British North America, and at the time of his decease was sixty-eight years of age. He was best known by his literary name of "Sam Slick," by which he achieved great reputation. In 1835 he furnished to a weekly review, at Halifax, a series of very amusing letters, in which the portraits of American manners formed an inexhaustible subject. Subsequently they were republished at New York, under the title of "The Clockmaker." It is a satirical history, full of broad humour, lively sallies, and laughable sketches. The hero, Sam Slick, is a thoroughbred Yankee—bold, cunning, and, above all, a merchant; in short, a sort of Republican Panurge. In 1842 Mr. Haliburton was appointed a Judge in British North America; and, on his retirement from that position, came to this country, where he took up his permanent residence, and entered the House of Commons as member for Lancaster. He attached himself to the Conservative party, and was a constant attendant in the house, but seldom spoke, probably in consequence of the natural weakness of his voice, which prevented his being distinctly heard. The state of his health induced him to retire from the House of Commons at the close of the last Parliament.

WORKING MEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT BIRMINGHAM.—On Monday there was inaugurated at Birmingham a Working Men's Industrial Exhibition. Perhaps Lord Lyttelton's phrase, used in the course of the inaugural proceedings, "Exhibition of the productions of the hard-working class," is more appropriate. Some time in the autumn of last year the suggestion that such an exhibition should take place was made by a working man named Everard. It was warmly taken up by others, and by that class principally it has been carried out to a success very much greater than could have been anticipated. Bingley Hall, in which the exhibition is held, is admirably suited for the purpose; but, large as its area is, it fell short of the space required by the number of persons who were anxious to exhibit. As it is, the catalogue sets forth that there are 753 exhibitors, and the room required is 4900 ft. wall or hanging space, 3820 ft. floor space, and 2830 ft. table space. From the moment the project was mooted the artisans despoiled to take part in it were warmly seconded by many of the principal manufacturers; to that circumstance, no doubt, much of the success attained may be attributed. The hall has been appropriately and elegantly decorated; for that purpose an abundance of flowers have been used. There are festoons of various descriptions, banners ornamented in gold and silver, busts and vases, statuary, &c.; and this method of decoration has been employed with such good effect, that the appearance of the hall was all that could be desired for such an exhibition. As may be expected, the articles shown are of as miscellaneous a character as can be conceived; at the same time in a very fair proportion of them utility as well as ingenuity is displayed. The staples of the local industry, of course, figure prominently. In stamping there are one or two wonderful specimens; of mechanism a great variety; of iron manufactures, furniture, saddlery, brass-foundry, jewellery, papier-mâché, carving, and gliding there is a good display. There are numerous models, in which much of skill and clever workmanship is displayed; one of these represents a church, which is said to be composed of more than 4000 separate pieces of wood. The contributions from feminine fingers are numerous and varied; and although of less worth, but perhaps not the least curious feature of this exhibition, is a quantity of "original poetry," "a play," and "music." The whole proceedings connected with the inauguration passed off with much élan.

SELLING EXCURSION-TICKETS.—The South-Eastern Railway Company, in common, no doubt, with most other companies, has recently been the victim of a very mean fraud. Excursion-trains run frequently to Ramsgate, and, it seems, it has become common for passengers by these trains to sell their return-tickets to people who wish to come up to London. The loss sustained by the company from this cause is supposed to amount to not less than £30 a day. On Monday, at Ramsgate, an offender was brought before the magistrates. Mr. William Wellings, of 35, Hanway-street, London, was charged with having purchased a ticket from a man in Ramsgate, on Aug. 6. The case was fully proved, and the defendant was fined 5s. and costs.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

(From the Morning Star.)

THE Atlantic Telegraph Company, undeterred by their ill-success hitherto, have resolved again to begin work. They have ordered a new cable, and its manufacture has been already commenced. We have stated that it is intended that the Great Eastern shall leave Valencia with the new cable in the last week in May next, and that when it has been successfully laid she will attempt to complete the line the temporary failure of which we had so recently to record. What are the prospects of success may in some measure be judged by the following statement of what has been demonstrated by the experiments already made. This statement has been drawn up by gentlemen who have taken an active part in the recent and previous attempts to lay a cable, and it has therefore that full weight of authority which must attach to the declarations of men who speak of what they know practically to be the fact:—

It was proved by the expedition of 1858 that a submarine telegraph cable could be laid between Ireland and Newfoundland, and messages transmitted through the same.

By the expedition of 1865 it has been fully demonstrated:—

1. That the insulation of a cable improves very much after its submersion in the cold, deep water of the Atlantic, and that its conducting power is considerably increased thereby.
2. That the steam-ship *Great Eastern*, from her size and consequent steadiness, and from the control over her afforded by the joint use of paddles and screw, renders it safe to lay an Atlantic cable in any weather.
3. That the egress of a cable in the course of being laid from the *Great Eastern* may be safely stopped on the appearance of a fault; and, with strong tackle and good hauling-in machinery, the fault may be lifted from any depth between Ireland and Newfoundland, and cut out on board the ship, and the cable resplaid and laid in perfect condition.

4. That in a depth of over two miles four attempts were made to grapple the cable. In three of them the cable was caught by the grapnel, and, in the other, the grapnel was fouled by the chain attached to it.
5. That the paying-out machinery used on board the *Great Eastern* worked perfectly, and can be confidently relied on for laying cables across the Atlantic.

6. That, with the improved telegraphic instruments for long submarine lines, a speed of more than eight words per minute can be obtained through such a cable as the present Atlantic between Ireland and Newfoundland, as the amount of slack actually paid out did not exceed 14 per cent, which would have made the total cable laid, between Valencia and Heart's Content, less than 1900 miles.
7. That the present Atlantic cable, though capable of bearing a strain of seven tons, did not experience more than 14 cwt. in being paid out into the deep water of the Atlantic between Ireland and Newfoundland.

8. That there is no difficulty in mooring buoys in the deep water of the Atlantic between Ireland and Newfoundland; and that a buoy, even when moored by a piece of the Atlantic cable itself, which had been previously lifted from a depth of over 2000 fathoms, has ridden out a gale.
9. That more than four miles of the Atlantic cable have been recovered from a depth of over two miles, and that the insulation of the gutta-percha covered wire was in no way whatever impaired by the depth of water or the strains to which it had been subjected by lifting and passing through the hauling-in apparatus.

10. That the cable of 1865, owing to the improvements introduced into the manufacture of the gutta-percha core, was more than one hundred times better insulated than cables made in 1858, then considered perfect, and still working.
11. That the electrical testing can be conducted at sea with such unerring accuracy as to enable the electricians to discover the existence of a fault in less than a minute after its production or development, and very quickly to ascertain its position in the cable.

12. That with a steam-engine attached to the paying-out machinery, so as to permit of hauling in the cable immediately a fault is discovered, it could be recovered even before it had reached the bottom of the Atlantic, and repaired at once.

A great deal has been said about the heavy rate at which it was proposed by the company to charge for messages. That rate was at least a pound sterling per word. Most probably, even at such a price, there would have been a large business had the cable been laid. The following calculation, however, has been made on the basis of 5s. per word, and it shows a remarkable result. We do not give it as our own, but simply present it for the consideration of our readers. It has been made by a gentleman most intimately acquainted with the history of telegraphy and with the pecuniary results from lines already in operation. Every person will form his own opinion as to the details of the calculation. It may not be amiss, however, to remark that an Atlantic cable will have to carry messages not merely between America and this country only, but between America and the rest of the world.

The Atlantic Telegraph annual revenue and net profits that would, under the below-stated conditions, be derived from working two telegraph cables between England and America at a working rate of eight words per minute, or, deducting delay—say, at a rate for revenue purposes averaging five words per minute during twenty-four hours per day throughout a year of 300 working days, the capital being as stated below:—

Two cables, each working at the five-word rate, ten words per minute for twenty-four hours per day, are equal at only 5s. per word to £3600—£3600 per day for 300 days are equal per year to	£1,080,000
Double these rates charged for messages in cypher or code, say net	100,000

Gross income	£1,180,000
Less working and all other expenses, in Ireland, Newfoundland, and London, say	50,000
Net income	£1,130,000

CAPITAL.	
Interest on £100,000 of bonds at 5 per cent	5,000
New capital to complete present and lay down a new cable in 1866, £600,000, at preference dividend of 12 per cent per annum, requires	72,000
On old ditto, preference, £600,000, at 8 per cent	48,000
On old capital, £600,000, at 4 per cent	24,000
Bonus of 50 per cent on total capital, £1,800,000	900,000
Balance to new account	81,000
.. .. .	£1,130,000

WRECK OF THE EASTERN PROVINCE.—The total loss of the new mail-steamer *Eastern Province*, 1290 tons register, belonging to the Diamond Steam Navigation Company, while on her homeward passage from Algiers Bay to London, has been announced at Lloyd's. She left Algiers Bay on the 24th of June, with a full cargo and a large number of passengers. On the second day, when she was at full steam, a loud dull, grating noise was heard on board, and in a few minutes afterwards she struck with full force upon a sunken rock. The morning haze which covered the land precluded the captain from seeing her exact position; but as daylight broke she was found to be upon a reef on the eastern side of Quoin Point, and opposite the place known as Vich Vley, Hotel River. The reef of rocks extend about a mile or two from the shore, but the steamer had, by a wonderful accident, steered right through the only gap or channel in it, scraping her keel as she passed, and came upon a rock inside, upon which she now rested, the stern raised, and the bows bending to the water. Captain Wilson himself was on deck at the time, and at once gave orders to have the pumps sounded. There was then 4 ft. of water in the vessel; but this fact was not communicated to the passengers, lest it might create unnecessary alarm and panic. A gun and rockets were fired in the hope that they might attract the attention of the farmers on shore. The vessel's boats were all cleared and ready for use, and were in very good order and condition, with the exception of one, which was leaky. The first life-boat, with all the ladies and children, was given in charge of Captain Holmes, one of the passengers, as the most experienced person to take it on shore. The other boats afterwards followed, and all the crew and passengers of the steamer were safely got on shore. One boat, in charge of the boatswain, on her third trip, was caught by the rolling surf and fairly capsized; but beyond a wetting and some bruises received by the boatswain no injury resulted. Some of the passengers saved their luggage with them, but those whose property was stowed away in the forehold were unable to get theirs, as the vessel filled with water. The mails were saved and sent on to Capetown for transmission to Europe by the *Cambrian*. The *Eastern Province* and her cargo were insured for nearly £35,000.

THE SOUTHEY MURDERS.—The adjourned inquest on the bodies of the three children murdered in a coffee-house in Red Lion-street, Holborn, was held on Tuesday. Much dissatisfaction was expressed by the jury that Southey, the supposed murderer, was not brought before them. Dr. Lankester explained that as Southey had been committed for trial by the Ramsgate Coroner he could not be brought to London. Mr. E. T. Smith, barrister, who appeared on Southey's behalf, said that individual denied that he had murdered the children. The Coroner, however, gave an explanation of his probable meaning in the assertion—that he did not consider the crime murder. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Southey, or Forwood, which is his real name.

SERIOUS RAILWAY COLLISION.

AN accident of a very serious nature happened to a Midland excursion-train, when passing the Colney Hatch station, Great Northern Railway, on Wednesday night, by which between twenty and thirty of the passengers were more or less injured and a serious amount of the railway stock destroyed. The train was run by the Midland Railway Company from Nottingham, Derby, and the adjacent places, and was timed to arrive at King's-cross at a quarter before eight o'clock. It had proceeded as far as the Colney Hatch station in safety; but at that part of its journey it ran into a coal or goods train, with the unfortunate result stated. It appears that the arrival of this excursion-train was known to the officials at the Colney Hatch station, and that the goods-train was being shunted out of its way when the up-train came into collision with it. The passengers describe the shock as terrible, and it is astounding that the casualties which consequently ensued were not far more serious than reported.

The engine of the excursion-train, after it had dashed into the goods trucks, smashing several of them to pieces, fell over, and lay on its side in a very damaged state. The up-line was blocked by the fragments of broken carriages. The station-master at Colney Hatch at once forwarded a telegram to King's-cross reporting the serious nature of the collision, and took immediate measures for relieving the wounded passengers. They were, after considerable difficulty, extricated from amidst the debris of the smashed carriages, and those who were seriously injured taken to an adjoining hotel, but the majority were enabled to proceed to town by a short train, which was sent up on the down-line. Orders were given to collect some of the fragments of the broken carriages and light fires, by which to work in removing some of the obstruction, which had completely stopped all traffic. The officials at King's-cross, immediately they received information of the accident, procured a staff of officers, with some medical men, and dispatched them to the scene of the collision, where their services were urgently needed.

The cause of the collision is not known—at least, whether any person is guilty of culpable negligence. It is stated that the "block" signal was on at the distance, so as to prevent the driver of the excursion-train from passing; but that he either did not see it or else did not attend to it. The guard of the train states that the whistle sounded, and that he applied his break, which would seem to prove that the driver was attending to his duties. It is certain, however, that, from some unfortunate cause or other, the excursion-train did proceed, and came into collision with the goods-train, which was being shunted at that moment.

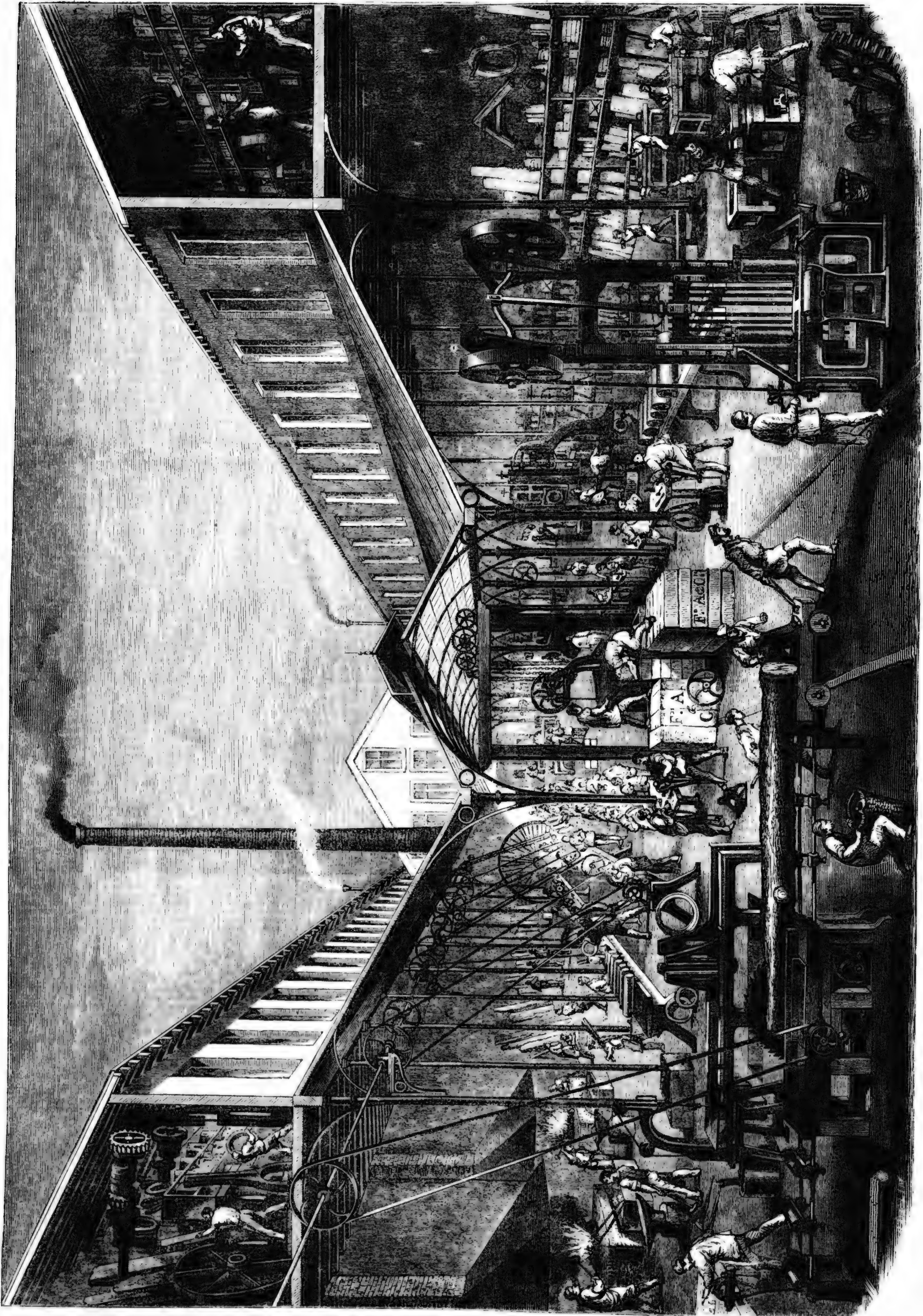
ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A CURIOUS case has just been decided before the civil tribunal of the Seine.

In 1813, when the French rule in Catalonia was on the eve of its downfall, there dwelt near Gerona a young Spanish girl of remarkable beauty, named Colomba Salgas. A Frenchman, Baron Damien de Noël, belonging to one of those old southern families which had emigrated during the revolution loved and was beloved by her. It is said they were regularly married, in 1813, by a Spanish priest named Planella, in the cathedral of Gerona. But, where is the act or certificate establishing the celebration of the marriage? Was it drawn up at the time? Here lies the doubt and the difficulty. On the official register for 1813 the names of Colomba Salgas and Damien de Noël were not to be found. It was the time when Suchet had concentrated his exhausted forces in Catalonia, and was expending his last desperate efforts in defence. Blood flowed in the streets of Gerona, the town was dismantled, its buildings were in flames, in which, beyond any doubt, many public registers were burnt. Was the proof of the beautiful Colomba's marriage thus destroyed? Her surviving relatives maintain that it was. If they can prove her marriage, they share the inheritance. M. de Bodout, the widower, on the contrary, maintains that there was no marriage. If the illegitimacy of his wife be admitted by the tribunals, all that she has left becomes his. The circumstances brought out at the trial were most curious, and a romance might well be built upon the whole story. In the absence of the Spanish register, the would-be heirs sought to prove the marriage by facts subsequent to it. In 1814, after sharing the fatigues and danger of the retreat to France, Colomba gave birth to a child, inscribed in its certificate of birth, as legitimate son of Damien de Noël and of Colomba Salgas, his lawful wife. But the father, absent at the time, never signed the act. Exactly the same was the case on the birth of the Luis de Noël whose decease has given rise to the present litigation. A third child was born, in 1818, at St. Eprit. M. de Noël, who had returned to France with the Bourbons, was Captain in a line regiment, and was then with his wife in the citadel of St. Eprit. He presented the child to the civil officer, and declared it his legitimate son. For some years after that date there is difficulty in tracing the history of the divided pair. Noël abandoned his wife and children; they returned to Spain; he passed from garrison to garrison. But in 1823 an important event occurred. M. de Noël, finding herself in straitened circumstances, resolved to compel her husband to assist her and her children. Before any step could be taken, proof of her marriage was indispensable. The registers were searched, but no record of it was to be found. What is called an act of notoriety was then drawn up, in virtue of which the ecclesiastical tribunal ordered the marriage Act of Colomba Salgas to be inscribed on the civil registers, which was accordingly done, under the date of 1813, by the very priest who had celebrated the marriage. The wife was now in a position, after the accomplishment of a few formalities, to cite her husband before a French tribunal, demanding restitution of conjugal rights, or else a pension for her and her children. The cause was undefended, and M. de Noël was condemned to allow the pension. He resisted the judgment, and the matter was not settled until 1826. In the interval M. de Noël, who had gone to Spain with the army of the Duke d'Angoulême, had found himself in the neighbourhood of Gerona, and there he obtained, from the ecclesiastical authorities, an ordinance annulling the previously granted to M. de Noël, on the ground that this latter had been obtained by stratagem, *obtusamente* and *unreputably*, and the authorities accordingly ordered the act of marriage inscribed on the registers to be struck out. This document in hand, M. de Noël again presented himself before the French tribunal and declared there was no marriage, that no proof of one existed, that Colomba Salgas was not his wife, and, therefore, that her demand could not be well founded. The tribunal of Girona, by a judgment given in 1826, declared there was a doubt, refused to pronounce on the existence or validity of a marriage, and limited itself to allotting a pension to the child which M. de Noël had himself declared legitimate when registering its birth. Then litigation ceased between the discordant couple; they lived apart for the rest of their lives; M. de Noël died in 1831, far away from his wife, who had come to Paris to struggle for a subsistence. She did not know of his death until a year afterwards; his heirs did not know she was alive, and divided his inheritance among them. M. de Noël died in Paris, and her death was registered as that of the widow of M. Damien de Noël. M. de Bodout married her daughter, who had always considered herself legitimate, and was declared such in her marriage certificate. But when M. de Bodout lately died, her husband took possession of her property on the ground of her illegitimacy, while her collateral claim to it on the contrary ground. Hence the present lawsuit. The above sketch of the circumstances is based on the exposition and pleadings of the counsel for the collateral; but the tribunal, after hearing Bodout's advocate, decided in his favour, thereby affirming the illegitimacy of his deceased wife.

AN UNROMANTIC COURTSHIP.—Several years ago a young married man left Kilmarnock with his wife and family and settled in America. He prospered in his new home up till a recent period, when his wife was taken ill and died. His family being much increased, he saw he could not get on well without a wife. But he had neither time nor inclination for a regular courtship. So he wrote a letter to one of his youthful comrades here asking whether any of the ladies who used to be in the "squad" were yet unmarried. A reply to this query was duly forwarded, which informed him that one whom he had known of old was still a servant-maid in the same house—a situation which she had kept some fifteen years. The next mail brought a letter to this deserving woman which contained an offer of marriage offhand, which he begged of her to accept, and that so warmly that refusal was found to be impossible. She accordingly gave up her place, and has sailed to meet her destined husband.

NEW COMETS.—Mr. E. J. Lowe writes from Highfield House that on the night of the 27th two comets were detected there while he was looking for the return of Biela's:—"At 8.7 p.m. I noticed a comet low down in W.S.W. At 8.20 p.m. it was a conspicuous object to the naked eye, and about twice the apparent size of Jupiter. Through a small telescope it exhibited a bright luminosity, having a dark oblong space in the centre. The form was oval, and there was no nucleus; at 8.20 p.m. a conspicuous object. At 8.11 p.m. a second very similar comet was detected some 3 deg. below this, and to the west. It was rather longer than oval, somewhat less than the first, and without any nucleus or dark portion. Both comets were watched for half an hour, until the sky became overcast. The night was exceedingly unfavourable. Should these objects prove to be the two bodies known as Biela's comet, they are considerably brighter than when seen in former years. Their situation is also not in accordance with their calculated place."



FRENCH WORKSHOP: MESSRS. E. ARBEY AND COMPANY'S TOOL AND MACHINE MANUFACTORY, PARIS.

FRENCH WORKSHOPS.

THE METAL AND WOOD CUTTING MACHINERY IN THE MANUFACTORY OF MESSRS. F. ARBEY AND CO., PARIS.

OUR Engraving represents one of the principal workshops now established in Paris, and the firm to which it belongs have already secured a high reputation for those inventions and improvements in machinery which have lately made such progress in France. Messrs. F. Arbey and Co. are the inventors and constructors of a complete series of machines which have become the indispensable auxiliaries for contractors undertaking large public works, since, beside the improvement of the tools and engines that already existed, these engineers have devoted their attention to new mechanical contrivances for the rapid execution of such work as belongs especially to the trades whose materials are wood and iron. The fact is that the exigencies of the present rapid increase of manufactures, and still more particularly of buildings, made it necessary to adopt some mechanical agency to supply the demands for those productions in wood and iron which were formerly constructed only by skilled workmen. The supply of men capable of executing this kind of labour was not equal to the demand; and the use of machinery which would produce moderately-perfect work to a set pattern, and with a certain regularity of quality which would render it reliable, became an absolute necessity. This need must inevitably be acknowledged, even in those workshops where innovation is regarded with the greatest dislike; and the machines of Messrs. Arbey are being rapidly adopted, especially in the working of wood, where vertical and horizontal sawing-engines, machines for planing, polishing, mortising, and making tenons, and for forming straight and curved mouldings, are taken into account in the time named for the completion of contracts. So enormous are the resources provided by Messrs. Arbey for their customers in the wood and metal trades, that they have published a sort of circular, making three goodly volumes, and containing lithographic representations of all the engines which they are daily occupied in constructing. Such a book is, of course, a sort of encyclopædia of these industries; and the manufacturer who receives a copy of the work is able at once to determine what machinery would best suit his particular requirements.

This wonderful manufactory, of which our Engraving represents the principal workshop, is situated in the Cour de Vincennes, Paris; and the firm have another establishment, no less important, at Neuf-Gouffre, near St. Hippolyte, at Doubs. It is from these two enormous hives of industry that the railways, the arsenals, and the Government manufactories obtain their tools and machinery; and in most of the



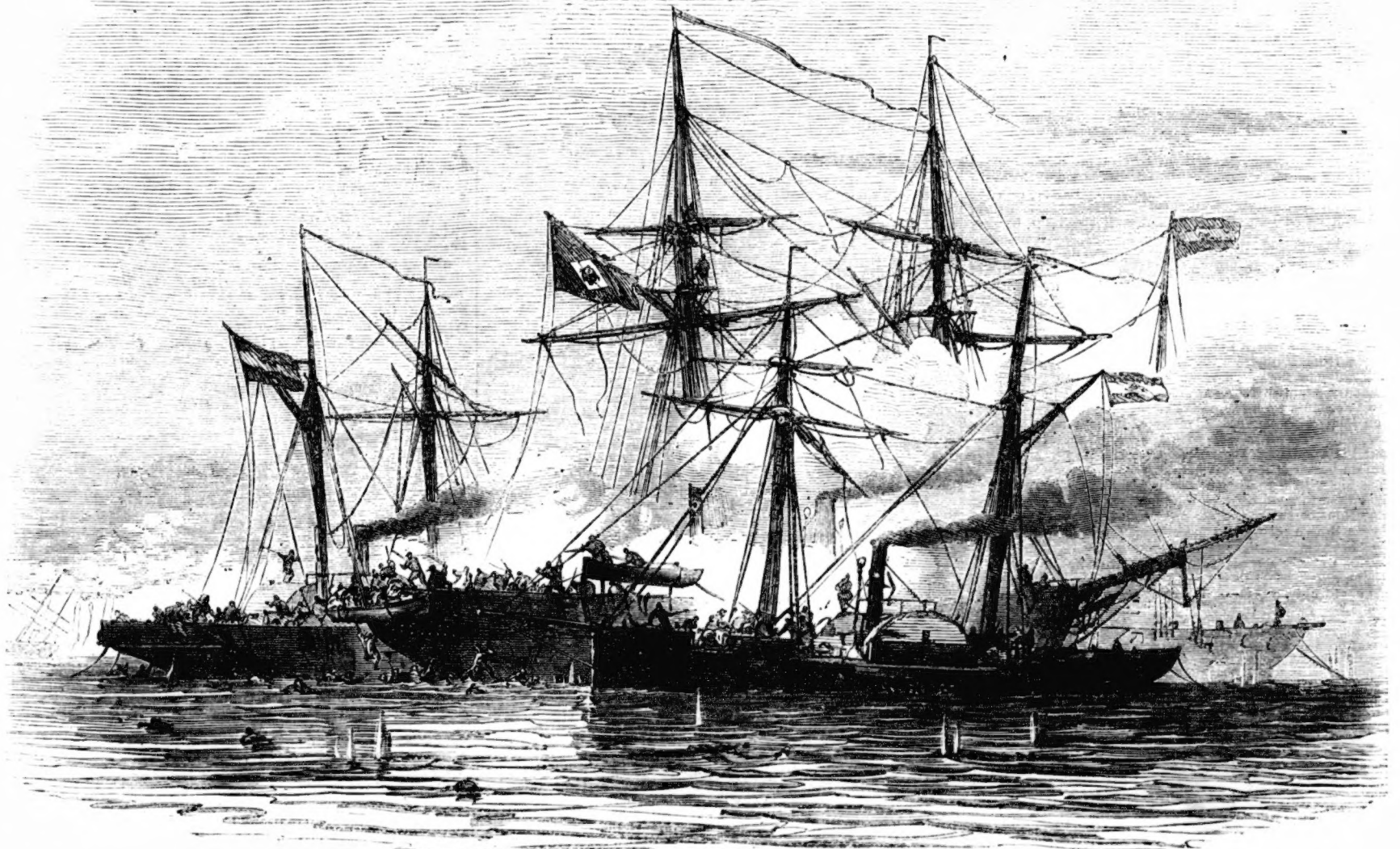
THE LATE MARQUIS D'HAUTPOUL, GRAND REFERENDARY OF THE FRENCH SENATE.

great industrial exhibitions of the last fifteen years Messrs. Arbey have gained the important prizes, to which their inventive genius has so well entitled them. The Paris establishment has been recently enlarged in consequence of the accession of business which resulted from the display of machinery by this firm in the last great exhibition in London; the great rooms containing the perfected engines being so constructed that they form a complete series of halls devoted to machinery; and leading to the workshops where the visitor may see the forges, the great lathes, the weighing-machines, the mighty lifts, the powerful levers, the modeling-room, and all the other departments of this immense business, which employs an army of disciplined and experienced workmen.

Since the opening of the branch manufactory of Neuf-Gouffre, Messrs. Arbey and Co. have been able to augment their products to a very considerable extent; and the department of Doubs, where it is situated, possesses abundant facilities in the means of transport to all parts of France, since it has ample water carriage, and is intersected by two important lines of railway—that of Dijon to Mulhouse, and the Franco-Swiss line from Dole to Neuchâtel. These railways, and the canal from the Rhône to the Rhine, provide the means for dispatching the manufactures of the district to the centres of consumption. Amongst the workshops of the neighbourhood none are more favourably situated than that which we have noticed, since Doubs is rich in minerals, and may be said to be one of the great localities for the metal trades and the iron and brass foundries, especially those which are employed in producing articles of everyday use. The whole of the inhabitants are employed in these manufactures, and therefore handwork is comparatively rare, most of the operations being conducted by machinery. It may readily be imagined that an establishment placed in the very centre of this industry would enjoy unusual advantages; and the Messrs. Arbey have erected a vast workshop in the midst of what may be called the French black country, at the foot of a group of pointed rocks in the valley, where the Dessoubre flows beneath the building itself and supplies water-power for a couple of 50-horse power engines, which are connected with an immense collection of automaton employed in carving, drilling, planing, turning, and piercing metals, under the direction of a colony of workmen, who will shortly occupy a village that is springing up around the model manufactory.

THE LATE MARQUIS D'HAUTPOUL.

AMONGST the celebrated men intelligence of whose death has lately reached us, the statesman who has so long occupied a distinguished position in the Government of France, and whose Portrait we publish in



THE LATE ACTION IN THE RIVER PARANA, BETWEEN THE BRAZILIAN AND PARAGUAYAN FLEETS.

our present Number, has not been the least remarkable. Alphonse Henri Marquis d'Hautpoul, Minister of State, General of Division, and Grand Referendary of the Senate, was born at Versailles, on the 4th of January, 1789; and, being the son of a distinguished cavalry officer who was the representative of one of the most ancient families of Languedoc, was admitted to the military school of Fontainebleau in 1805, leaving it in the following year, with the rank of Lieutenant of the 49th Regiment of the Line. His first campaign was served in Prussia, Spain, and Portugal; and, after being wounded at the Battle of Arapiles, he was taken prisoner and brought to this country, from which he returned to France, to be promoted to the command of a battalion. In 1815 he served in the army of the South under the Duc d'Angoulême, where he obtained the rank of Colonel and was decorated with the cross of St. Louis. Pursuing his military career, he gained still further honours, and, in 1828, was made a Marshal of the Camp; and two years later, being unattached, was called upon to undertake office as Director of the Administration of the War Office, in which position he superintended the provision of the whole material for the expedition to Algiers. Being elected in the same year the representative of the arrondissement of Carcassonne, he took his seat in the house towards the close of the session, and, on that event occurring, for a time retired into private life.

The Marquis was again elected to a seat in the Chamber which lasted from 1834 to 1838, and, having long been regarded as a probable Minister, was employed in the southern departments, and, in 1841, was created Lieutenant-General. Five years later his labours were rewarded by a peerage, and, although he was compelled to retire upon the establishment of the Provisional Government, after the revolution of 1848, he was elected a representative in 1849, and was almost immediately appointed Minister of War by General Cavaignac. In the following year M. d'Hautpoul set out for Algiers, of which he had been made Governor-General; but, after a few months, was recalled to Paris, where he again entered the Senate, his judgment and experience qualifying him for the high position of Grand Referendary, to which he was soon afterwards invited. The Marquis, besides his other honours, was a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and came to his marquise, on the death of his elder brother, in 1854.

THE LATE NAVAL ACTION ON THE RIVER PARANA.

A NAVAL action, as our readers are aware, was fought, on the 11th of June, in the River Parana, between the Paraguayan and Brazilian fleets. The Brazilian fleet was engaged in blockading the river, and the fight took place in consequence of the Paraguayan fleet coming down and offering battle. The action ended with the complete defeat of the latter. The Brazilian squadron comprised the Amazonas, 8 guns, Captain Teotonis de Brito, with the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, Barrozo; Jequitinhonha, 8, Commander Pinto, with the flag of Commodore Gomensoro; Belmonte, 8, Lieutenant Abreu; Araguay, 7, Lieutenant Hoonholtz; Yquatim, 7, Lieutenant Coimbra; Parnahyba, 8, Commander Garcindo; Bebaribe, 7, Lieutenant Sant Ana; Ypiranga, 6, Lieutenant Alvaro de Carvalho; Mearim, 7, Lieutenant Barboza.

The Paraguayan fleet consisted of the Taquary, with the flag of Admiral Mesa; Marquez de Olinda (formerly a Brazilian packet), Captain Robles, brother of the Commander-in-Chief of the Paraguayan forces in Corrientes; Salto, Commander Alcaez; Paraguay, Ipora, Ibera, Jejuy, Igurey, and six floating-batteries, with a 68 or 80 pounder and fifty riflemen each; in all forty-seven guns, mostly 68-pounders. Besides their complement, each steamer had on board from 110 to 180 troops and boarders.

On the 11th of June, at nine, a.m., the blockading squadron which, with fires smothered, was at anchor about three miles below Corrientes, nearer to the right than to the left bank of the Parana, sighted the Paraguayan fleet coming down the river with the current, then running about four miles an hour, with the floating batteries in tow. They came at full speed, exchanging broadsides as they passed with the Brazilian ships, which immediately slipped their cables and gave chase, but found the enemy prepared, having taken up a position a little further down the river, near the Riachuelo, under a masked battery of twenty or twenty-two very heavy guns, with 1000 to 1500 riflemen in the trench. The Jequitinhonha, losing her pilot at the commencement of the action, got aground under the shore battery, and was completely riddled. The Parnahyba, being slower than the other ships, came to be the last but one of the line, the Jequitinhonha, aground, being the last ship. The Paraguayans immediately took advantage of this circumstance, and knowing that none of the Brazilian ships could turn in the channel, which in that locality is extremely narrow, the Taquary, Paraguay, and the Salto attacked the Parnahyba and managed to separate her from the rest of the squadron. The commander of this ship, seeing the impossibility of avoiding being boarded by the three, tried the expedient of running down, and, coming at full speed stem on to the Paraguay amidships, disabled her, and she floated down the stream till she got aground. In the mean time the other two grappled the Brazilian one on each side, sending a cloud of boarders into her; at the same time the Marquez de Olinda came up and grappled her at the stern, and also boarded. A fearful hand-to-hand fight then took place on the confined deck of the gunboat. The ship was seemingly in the hands of the Paraguayans, the colours having been hauled down and the wheel being in the hands of a Paraguayan; the officers and crew of the stern gun had all been cut down, and the commander, in a state of desperation, had ordered his ship to be blown up, when the Paraguayans appeared for an instant to waver, and the Brazilians, making one more effort, tried a last charge, and with a viva for Brazil cleared the deck, driving the enemy overboard. The hesitation of the Paraguayans at the critical moment was not groundless, for they saw the Amazonas, which had run down the channel till she found room to turn, coming on full speed to the rescue; and well she did it, bearing down like a whirlwind on the Jejuy that was in the way, completely smashing her. She then ran down the Marquez de Olinda, and, lastly, the Salto. The other four steamers, seeing the direful effects of this manœuvre of the Amazonas, and fearing a repetition on themselves, made off as fast as steam could take them up the river, but in a very damaged condition; so much so that the Taquary was grounded and abandoned a few miles beyond Corrientes—at least, so says the commander of the Dotterel, who, coming down from Humaitá after the battle, met the remnants of the Paraguayan fleet returning. Thus ended the battle of Riachuelo at six p.m., with the annihilation of Lopez's fleet.

The latest accounts we have received state that the war was proceeding on land with decided advantage, it is alleged, to the Brazilians. The Emperor was with the army, and everywhere throughout his dominions the people were showing the greatest enthusiasm on behalf of their Sovereign.

In connection with the affairs of South America, we learn that an alliance has been formed between the republics of the central and southern portions of the continent. The following are the terms of the treaty as drawn up by a general congress of delegates lately held:—

ALLIANCE OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS AGAINST EUROPE.

The republics of Central and Southern America have formed an alliance with the object of throwing obstacles in the way of European interference in American affairs.

Salvador, Bolivia, the United States of Colombia, Chili, Ecuador, Peru, and Venezuela have concluded a treaty of alliance for mutual defence, and have appointed plenipotentiaries to represent them at a congress of American republics against Europe.

These republics unite to guarantee mutually their independence, their sovereignty, and their form of government. All engage to repel any aggression whatever upon the rights they recognise in themselves. None of them shall be allowed to consent to the cession of a portion of its territory to any Power whatever.

In case of attack upon or interference with the rights, the sovereignty, the integrity, or the form of government of one of these republics, the others shall instantly suspend all commercial and political relations with the Power concerned—that is to say, they will dismiss the representatives, Ministers, Plenipotentiaries, Consuls, or other agents of that Power; they will stop all importation, and will close their ports against the ships of the said Power.

The contracting parties will appoint commissioners charged to settle the various contingents of land and sea forces each shall furnish for the common

defence, and to fix the mode of action best fitted to keep themselves intact, all being jointly responsible for each and each for all.

All shall furnish whichever may be the object of any attack or any interference whatever with the necessary forces, men, arms, and money to defend itself against the aggressor.

No one of the united republics shall make a treaty of peace or conclude a cessation or suspension of hostilities with the enemy without the assent of the other republics, an affront offered to one being offered equally to all.

If—which may God avert—one of the contracting parties should fail in the conditions of general union, all the others shall consider him disloyal, and shall act against him as they would act with regard to a foreign Power.

The parties formally agree not to accept any protectorate from any nation or Government whatever, as such would be considered a serious attack upon sovereignty and breach of the treaty concluded.

The united republics will appoint Plenipotentiaries, who shall meet every three years to regulate the interests of each and all of their number; this being with the object of giving all possible strength and solidity to the alliance. The present Congress shall determine the period and place of future meetings until the expiration of the present treaty.

The alliance is established for a provisional period of fifteen years, reckoning from the date of the treaty in question. At the end of the aforesaid period of fifteen years each of the allied republics shall have the right of declaring the close of the alliance by giving twelve months' notice, in advance, of its intention to withdraw.

The exchange of the ratifications shall take place in the city of Lima (Peru), within two years from the date, or as much earlier as possible.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

It is said that the part of Selika in "L'Africaine" is to be assigned, at the Royal English Opera, to Miss Louisa Pyne. The tenor part will be played by Mr. Charles Adams. The season will commence early in October, and "L'Africaine" will be one of the first works produced. The English version of the opera has been made by Mr. Charles Kenney.

One of our contemporaries is troubled to account, philosophically, for the existence of Mr. Alfred Mellon in his present position. Mr. Alfred Mellon, however, is a composer of operas, and of ballet and burlesque music; he is conductor of the orchestra for the ballet music at the Royal Italian Opera, and conductor-in-chief of the orchestra of the Musical Society of London. He is accustomed, then, to direct musical performances of various kinds, and he has himself written nearly every kind of music. There is, indeed, no orchestra, then, except a bad orchestra, in which he would be out of place. We cannot fancy Professor Sterndale Bennett presiding at a promenade concert, nor Julien the younger wielding the baton at the Philharmonic; but in either situation Mr. Alfred Mellon would be at home. This perhaps accounts for the eclectic character of the concerts now under his management. The programmes include overtures, symphonies (or movements from symphonies), operatic selections, instrumental solos, and songs. The instrumental and vocal soloists are of high rank, and the orchestra is in all respects admirable. Mr. Mellon has rather an uproarious but at the same time a decidedly able cornet-player; but the business of these entertainments is carried on without any recourse to clapping. Much of the music performed is of a high character, and very little of it indeed is trivial. Hitherto we have had neither Zonaves, nor drummers, nor Turkish saxophonists, nor Danish peasants introduced into the orchestra; and the only "attraction" announced for the future is Molle. Carlotta Patti, whose talent and whose natural gifts are undeniably genuine. Mr. Mellon, in laudable imitation of the plan originated by M. Jullien, devotes special evenings to the music of the great masters. On these occasions the whole of the first part of the concert is made up of pieces by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or some other classical composer; and, as in Jullien's case, these prove to be the most attractive performances.

The *Musical World* publishes an interesting memoir of a well-known composer and critic, Mr. Howard Glover, who really appears to have distinguished himself in every branch of his art. His earliest instructor in music was the late Mr. Wagstaff, leader at the Lyceum English Opera, when Loder's "Nourjahad," Barnett's "Mountain Sylph," Thompson's "Herman; or, the Broken Spear," were produced. Mr. Howard Glover entered his master's band (then the best in London) at the age of fifteen, as one of the first violins, with a view to acquiring orchestral knowledge and experience. He was soon afterwards sent by his mother to the Continent, where, for several years, in Italy, Germany, and France, he studied composition, singing, the piano, and the violin under the most eminent masters. At the age of sixteen Mr. Howard Glover wrote a dramatic scene with orchestral accompaniments, "Oh, fatal hour!" which was produced at one of the concerts of the Society of British Musicians. Returning to England, he appeared as a solo violinist, when his performance of Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata was much praised. At this time, too, he was frequently employed at the London concert-rooms as pianoforte accompanist, his own songs—especially those written to the words of Shelley—attracting general attention. Becoming associated with Braham, the celebrated tenor, Mr. Glover started on a provincial tour. The part of solo violinist had been allotted to him; but on one occasion he found himself without either violin or violin music, and had to improvise his solo. Mr. Braham improvising the pianoforte accompaniment. When Jenny Lind visited Scotland, Mr. Glover was engaged as orchestral conductor, composer, and pianoforte accompanist at the concerts given by the celebrated vocalist at Edinburgh, Perth, and Glasgow. The series of concerts at an end, Mr. Glover came back to London, where, in conjunction with his mother (Mrs. Glover, the distinguished actress), he founded the "Musical and Dramatic Academy," the first school of the kind ever established in England. The "Musical and Dramatic Academy" no longer exists; but the want of such an institution is felt, now, perhaps, more than ever. How our theatrical companies are recruited at all is a wonder to us. A great many débutants and débutantes think, of course, that no preliminary course of study is necessary at all, and that to enable them to appear with advantage on the stage their own natural genius will be sufficient. The public, however, cannot help being of a different opinion, though it is really difficult to say where in England the preliminary training is to be obtained. It was part of Mr. Howard Glover's system to accustom the pupils of his "academy" to appear in public; and a performance by them, at the Hanover-square Rooms, of Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride" (or "Iphigénie en Champagne," as Sophie Arnould called it one night, when the representative of the principal part came on to the stage in a state of semi-intoxication) was much praised at the time. Mr. Glover's pupils also appeared at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in a variety of operatic performances, in which Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Whitworth, and Miss Rainforth also took part. An attempt which Mr. Glover now made to establish a regular provincial opera met with considerable, but not permanent, success. He produced, when the company was playing at Glasgow, one of his best comic operas, "The Coquette;" and during this season made his first appearance on any stage, as Edgar in the "Bride of Lammermoor." The tenor of the company had been taken suddenly ill, and Mr. Glover, quitting the conductor's desk, replaced him at a moment's notice. The part of Edgar suited him so well that he reappeared in it several times at Manchester and at Liverpool. Already known as a violinist, pianist, composer, conductor, and dramatic vocalist, Mr. Glover now came before the public as a writer. After contributing several very remarkable letters bearing his own signature to the *Morning Post*, he accepted an engagement on that paper as musical critic. He now no longer appeared as Edgar, and only on special occasions and at long intervals conducted concerts. But for the last sixteen years he has given an account (anonymously, of course, according to the questionable custom of the English press) of every remarkable musical performance that has taken place in London, and in doing so has laboured uniformly and perseveringly to promote the study and appreciation of good music. In the meanwhile he has continued his career as a composer. His "Hero and Leander" and his overture to "Manfred" were produced at the National Concerts (Her Majesty's Theatre); his "Aminta" at the Haymarket; his characteristic cantata, "Tam o' Shanter" (with which Meyerbeer expressed himself delighted on hearing it at Exeter Hall), at the new Philharmonic

Concerts; his cantata in honour of the Princess Royal's marriage, at Her Majesty's Theatre; his opera of "Ruy Blas," at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden; and his operetta, "Once Too Often," of which he wrote the libretto as well as the music, at Drury Lane.

The *Brussels Guide Musical* tells two new anecdotes, which are put forward as "anecdotes of Rossini," so much in fashion these last few years. The first relates to M. de Jouy, unfavourably known as one of the authors of the libretto of "Guillaume Tell." After the first performance of that opera, the orchestra came, accompanied by torch-bearers, to play the overture beneath Rossini's windows. A crowd soon assembled, and, at the conclusion of the overture, applauded enthusiastically and called out "Bis!" which, as every opera-goer knows, is the equivalent for our English "encore," which, as few opera-goers are aware, is an abbreviation and corruption of the Italian "ancora." M. de Jouy, on hearing these exclamations, imagined that his collaborator, or fellow-labourer in the Rossinian vineyard, Hippolyte Bis by name, was being called for; and, rushing to the window, bowed acknowledgments for his absent friend. The crowd continued to call out more loudly than ever "Bis! bis! bis!" upon which M. de Jouy made a formal speech, saying that this would have been a happy moment for M. Hippolyte Bis, had that gentleman been able to be present. Unfortunately, however, he was at home confined to his bed, &c. M. de Jouy then retired from the window, upon which the orchestra, in obedience to the general demand, recommenced the overture to "Guillaume Tell." The second "anecdote of Rossini" relates to Rossini himself. Rossini had been asked to play a new composition. He excused himself on the ground that he had left his music at home—a most young-lady-like excuse, certainly. A friend offered to go and fetch it, and it was agreed that he should do so. Only, before starting, he was especially cautioned by Rossini not to touch a certain roll of blue paper. Thus warned, the friend reached Rossini's house—saw the roll of blue paper—opened it, and read:—"Helen." Grand opera, in five acts. Music by Rossini. To be performed ten years after his death." After committing this disgraceful breach of trust, we suppose Rossini's "friend" lost no time in communicating an account of his conduct, for publication, to the editor of the *Guide Musical* of Brussels.

FINE ARTS.

MR. WALTON'S PICTURES AT THE GERMAN GALLERY.

MR. ELIJAH WALTON is one of the very few English artists who have made the weird and wonderful beauties of Alpine scenery their especial study. That such loveliness and such grandeur as blend to form the charm of these lofty mountainous districts should have been seldom selected by painters is, after all, not a matter of much wonder, when we reflect on the difficulties and discomforts which surround the task. The sedentary employment of painting at an altitude, where the severest exertion can hardly make us forget the piercing cold, is something at which ordinary natures shiver, and which the most enthusiastic member of the Alpine Club might refuse without shame.

Mr. Walton must, however, be more than repaid for the severity of his occupation while engaged in sketching by the extraordinarily beautiful revelations which Nature in such vast solitudes must seem to make for him alone. Some of these, by his art, he has perpetuated for the delight of those who may never have seen similar effects—or who, having seen them, desire to revive the recollection of them. A collection of his pictures, now to be seen at the German Gallery, with a view to their reproduction as chromolithographs, by Messrs. Day and Sons, is well worthy of a visit for the artistic merit they display, but acquires an additional interest from the fact that Mr. Walton's large painting of the Matterhorn, now so sadly familiar to us on account of the recent awful catastrophe, has been lately placed on the walls.

At first sight this immense rosy peak rising perpendicularly into the deep blue sky seems perfectly inaccessible. But a closer inspection, while it takes away from this feeling, increases our wonder at the vast proportions of the mountain. The figures introduced by Mr. Walton in the foreground are so small that they are not taken in at the first glance. It is when we have detected them and slowly arrived by comparison at the enormous size of the mass of rock which towers beyond the sea of ice lying between these figures and the mountain's base, that we begin to see how the slight irregularities which mark its surface may be ledges and plateaus, rendering the ascent comparatively possible; at all events, to experienced members of the Alpine Club. It is perhaps a pity that we should have to "read" the picture thus, instead of being impressed with the real size of the peak at once; but even an artist of Mr. Walton's acknowledged power must fail at times in dealing with such gigantic subjects.

The scene is a most impressive one. In front stretches the glacier, its motionless waves heaved and tossed-up as if some stormy ocean had been suddenly enchainé by the frost at the moment of its wildest turbulence. Beyond this towers the gigantic peak, the red granite flaked and streaked with layers of everlasting snow. The lofty summit bears a rude resemblance to the Royal mitre so frequent in Ninneve sculpture, and the mountain wearing it seems to fling its head back and gaze up defiantly into heaven, scorning the pigmies that grope about its feet.

The scene of the accident, as far as we can learn, is at a point where the face of the mountain presents an angle, and where a more strongly marked ledge occurs in front of the seeming mitre. To look at it in Mr. Walton's picture, we can only marvel that any of the party returned alive, so fearful and dangerous a spot does it seem. We may mention, as a strange coincidence, that Mr. Whympster paid Mr. Walton a visit hardly three days before the awful calamity occurred which has made the name of the Matterhorn so painfully familiar.

Among the other pictures we may mention, as especially worthy of notice, "The Viso from the South" (4), remarkable for the intensity of the blue depths of sky; "The Gorner Glacier, near Zermatt" (7), with its snow-laden pines; and the poetical picture of "Mont Blanc" (16) as seen from above Col d'Anterne.

"The Mer de Glace" (17) is also a telling picture, and there are special charms in "The Sunset on the Aiguille and Glacier de Trent" (2), "The Pic de Tinneverges and Village of Sixt" (5); another sunset effect, and a splendid view of "The Weisshorn" (6). There are two pictures of Alpine torrents, "Near Chamounix" (11), and "Pointe de Salle" (20), in which the tumbling forces of the headlong streams are excellently given. A rainbow in "Near Cornayeur" (18), is also exceedingly well painted. A study of fir trees in "Winter" (15), should not be omitted from our list of the most telling works.

Several fine pictures have recently been added to take the place of such drawings as have been returned to their owners, the collection being chiefly a loan collection. We understand that all which were for sale have been already purchased, with hardly an exception—even the late additions. Amongst them we may particularly note a view of that peculiar peak the "Dent du Géant" as very telling.

In another part of the gallery Mr. W. Simpson's water-colour drawings of India, Thibet, and Cashmere are still on exhibition. We gave these clever pictures a long notice at the time of their first appearance. Since then some forty additional drawings have been added to the collection. Of these the most remarkable are "Runjeet Singh's Tomb, Lahore" (149), "The Chandy Chouk, Delhi" (152), "A Simoon near Umballa" (157), "Feroze Shah's Lâht, Delhi" (158), and "The Ganges Canal" (160). The "Kaiser Bagh" (174), and "Bailey Guard" (178), at Lucknow, derive more than ordinary interest from the incidents of the mutiny. Both display vestiges of the fierce assault and determined defence which made them famous. A picture of "The Bamboo" (174), as it grows in green luxuriance, is very pleasing as well as curious, and the same may be said of an illustration of the Scriptural text "Two women shall be grinding at the mill" (166), and of a representation of the Indian mode of "Cotton Cultivation" (186). A fine view of "Cashmere" (19) is also a recent addition, and should be seen.

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GARDNERS' DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS.
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GARDNERS' PLATED GOODS.

GARDNERS', 453 and 454, STRAND,
Four Doors from Trafalgar-square.
Illustrated Catalogues post-free.

A FACT.—An ELEGANT POCKET
TIMEPIECE, warranted to denote correct time, gold ap-
parently, gilt case, &c., included. Price One Shilling. For sale
free to any part for fourteen stamps.
PAUL BANSOY, 94, Brunswick-street, Haggerstone, London, N.E.

YOUR CARD if you PLEASE.
50 printed from Plate, 1s. 6d. (post-free). No charge for
stamping Envelopes or Paper. Colour Stamping reduced to 1s. per
100.—ARTHUR GRANGER, 3, 5, High Holborn, W.C., and 95 and
56, Dorset-street.

THOMAS'S Patent SEWING-MACHINES.
For Private Family use, Dressmaking, &c. Catalogues and
Samples of the Work may be had on application to W. F. Thomas
and Co., 68, Newgate-street; and Regent-street, Oxford-street.

CRADDOCK'S HALF-HOUR CANDLES
17 printed Reading in Bed or Fire. Sixty for One Shilling.
Also, Candles to make any Candlestick suit—Tin, lid, &c., 6d.,
each.—WHITMORE and CRADDOCK, 16, Bishopsgate-street, E.C.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—PETER ROBINSON'S
SILK and DRESSERY WAREHOUSE, for all Coloured Goods,
Mantles, Shawls, Dresses, Linens, &c., is at
103 to 108, Oxford-street.
Peter Robinson's MOURNING WAREHOUSE is at
256 to 262, Regent-street.
Patterns of all goods post-free.
See advertisements below.

FOULARD SILKS.—The most desirable
Dress for the present season.
PETER ROBINSON has just purchased up yards of 3-00 of these
fashionable dresses at a very large discount from the original price,
being the annual clearance of the remaining stock of a French
manufacturer. These goods are guaranteed to be of the best quality,
have hitherto been sold at £2 10s., 10s. 6d., now offered from £1 9s. 6d.
the Full Dress. The Waterproof Silk Foulard is peculiarly adapted
for everyday and seaside wear.
Patterns post-free.—Peter Robinson, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

FOR WEDDING DRESSES.
PETER ROBINSON invites special attention to this branch
of his Silk Department, containing a magnificent collection of
Moire Antiqua, Satins, Plain and Fancy Silks, of every modern
make, produced, to our order, by the most eminent manufacturers
in Lyons, expressly for bridal costume.
Patterns free.—Peter Robinson, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

CORDED and PLAIN SILKS.
40 New Shades just received to our special order.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
Beautifully bright, Checked, and Striped SILKS, in perfectly
new Colours, made expressly to our order, price from £1 10s. 6d.
Also a magnificent collection of very rich and new Chené Silks,
price £2 10s. 6d. to 4 guineas the extra Full Dress.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

WATERPROOF MANTLES for Travelling
and Seaside, in various colours and sizes.
A size, measuring, back, 48 in., front, 47 in. .. 21s. 6d.
B size, measuring, back, 52 in., front, 51 in. .. 23s. 6d.
C size, measuring, back, 56 in., front, 55 in. .. 25s. 6d.
The same sizes and colours, with Sleeves, and with Inverness
Capes, at equally low price.

REAL SEAL-FUR PALETOTS.
30 in., deep, 64 guineas. 32 in., deep, 8 guineas.
34 in., deep, 10 guineas. 36 in., deep, 12 guineas.
38 in., deep, 14 guineas. 40 in., deep, 15 to 18 guineas.

ALL LACE SHAWLS and MANTLES,
and all other Mantles of thin summer fabrics, at greatly
reduced prices.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THIS MONTH.
LADIES' TRAVELLING SUITS.
Now ready, an unusually large assortment of
Ladies' ready-made Costumes (complete),
in Plain or Printed Alpaca,
Pole de Chèvre, Mexican Cloth, Gingham, &c.,
from 14s. 9d. to 3 guineas.
PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.
A new series of colours in the Plain Mexican Cloth,
10s. 6d. to 14s. 6d. Full Dress.
Also, Striped, Checked, and Checked ditto, 9s. 9d., 12s. 6d., to 18s. 6d.
Full Dress.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

NEW AUTUMN DRESSES,
in every variety of Plain and Fancy Materials,
from 12s. 6d. to 4 guineas the Full Dress.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

DRAP D'HERBOURG.
A new plain Fabric, in all Colours, 38s. 6d. Full Dress.
All-Week Diagonal Serge (new Colours), 38s. to 45s. Full Dress.
Rich Figured Poplin (of early Autumn), 25s. to 3 guineas.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

PARIS CORDED SILK POPELINES.
A most useful and elegant Dress, 35s. to 3 guineas.
The new "Nankin Cloth," in Plain, Checked, Striped, and Chenille,
12s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.

REAL ABERDEEN WINEYS,
18s. 9d. to 27s. 6d. Full Dress.
Some very useful qualities from 12s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Full Dress.
A stock of several thousand pieces for selection.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

FRENCH MERINOES,
in all the New Colours, from 2s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. per yard.
Fancy Shirting Flannels (fast colours), 2s. 3d. to 2s. 9d. per yard.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

BRIDEMAIDS' DRESSES.
Striped, Plain, or Bow (pure white), 7s. 9d. to
11s. 6d. Full Dress.
Richly-worked White Robes, 18s. 9d. to 23 guineas each.
Tulle and Tulle-trimmed, in endless variety.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

LUDGATE-HILL RAILWAY.
(now opened).
JOHN HARVEY and SON, Ludgate-hill.
SILKS, DRESSES, MANTLES, FAMILY LINENS.

NEW SILKS.—PATTERNS FREE.
New Checked Glacé, 14 Yards, 42 2s.
Patterns of Rich Silks.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, Ludgate-hill.

BLACK FIGURED SILKS.
Patterns free.
A large assortment of New Patterns, £2 5s. 6d. for 14 yards.
Black Gros Grains, Black Gros de Suez.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, Ludgate-hill.

FAMILY LINEN DEPARTMENT.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, Ludgate-hill.
Linen and Cotton Sheetings, best makes, all widths,
Irish and Scotch Table Linen, Napkins, and Slips,
Made and Marked with Cross or Initial, and Warranted for Wear.

REAL SEALSKIN JACKETS.
Hudson's Bay Sale.
SHEWELL and CO. invite Ladies' attention to upwards of 500
Sealskins purchased under most favourable circumstances. These
picked choice skins have been made up into the most fashionable
staple Jackets, and will be sold at one third less than the usual
price.
Compton House, Old Compton-street and Fritch-street Soho-square.

MOIRES ANTIQUES.—SEWELL and CO.
have the largest Selection of
Spitalfields Moire Antiques,
in White, Black, and all the new Colours, at
44, the Full Dress.
Compton House, Fritch-street and Old Compton-street, Soho, W.

T. SIMPSON and CO.'S
Rich Black Pure Silk Glacé, 11s. 11d., to 6s. 11d.
Coloured Velvets, "all pure silk, 11s. 11d., 2s. 6d., and 2s. 11d.
A large parcel of Black Silk Velvets, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., and 4s. 11d.
T. SIMPSON and CO., General Drapers and Silkmercers, 48, 49,
50, and 53, Farringdon-street, City.

SANSFLECTUM CRINOLINES.
15s. 6d. and 17s. 6d.
"Wear admirably well."—*Court Journal.*
ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

ONDINA, or WAVED JUPONS,
15s. 6d. and 17s. 6d.
"The dress falls in gracefully."—*Morning Post.*
Illustrated post-free.
ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

BOWS, Plaits, Braids, Bands, Wigs, Fronts,
&c., and every other description of Ornamental Hair, all
of the first quality, of COLLYY, Perfumer, Hairdresser, and
Shampooer, 28, Bishopsgate-street Within. Hair-cutting, 6d.

PICTURE-FRAMES for the COLOURED
PICTURE given with the "Illustrated London News."
Handsome Gilt Frame, Glass and Back, for 3s.; Maple and Gilt, 5s.
The trade supplied with mouldings and prints of every description,
at GEO. REES, 57, Drury-lane, and 31, St. Martin's-lane.

BAKER and CRISP'S MARINE
SERIES, in all Colours, with beautiful shades for Mourning,
very best quality, 22s. 11d. Full Dress. Patterns free.
Baker and Crisp, 198, Regent-street.

ANNUAL REDUCTIONS.
500 Beautiful Silk Dresses, reduced to 25s. 6d. Full Dress.
500 Coloured Silk Dresses, reduced to 35s. 6d. Full Dress.
500 Faded Silk Dresses, reduced to 30s. 6d. Full Dress.
500 Faded silk Dress reduced to 25s. 6d. Full Dress.
500 Remnants and Odd Dresses, reduced to 15s. 6d. Full Dress.
Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

ANNUAL REDUCTIONS.—USEFUL
EARLY AUTUMN DRESSES, 8s. 9d. Full Dress; Em-
brodered Mullins, 6s. 6d.; Alpaca Dresses, 7s. 6d.; Beltonian
Dresses, 7s. 11d.; Barège Dresses, 8s. 9d.; Print Dresses, 8s. 6d.;
Genoa Dresses (11s.), 8s. 9d.; Poul-de-Chèvre Dresses, 10s. 6d.;
Printed Alpaca Dresses, 8s. 6d.; Printed Mullins, Mozambique,
Gingham, &c., from 4d. per yard. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

ANNUAL REDUCTIONS.—BLACK SILKS.
1500 yards of rich Black Glacé, 2s. 6d. Full Dress.
500 yards of Corded Black Glacé, 3s. 6d. Full Dress.
14,000 yards of Gros Grains, &c., 3s. 6d. Full Dress.
Thousands of yards of Chinese Silks, in Colours, at 1s. 4d. per yard.
Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

GLOVES! GLOVES! GLOVES!
The best Alpine Kid, 1s. 6d. per pair, Black, White,
and Coloured. Sample for 2 extra stamps.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

NICHOLSON'S NEW SUMMER SILKS
200 Patterns—representing £30,000 worth
of new Silks—post-free, on application—
50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.
Established 31 years.

NICHOLSON'S New CHECKED and
STRIPED SILKS, at 1 guinea, £1 5s. 6d.
and 14 guineas the Dress. Plain-coloured
Glacé, 1s. 3d. per yard. Moire Antiqua,
from £1 10s. 6d. the Dress of 10 yards.
Black Silks, from 12s. the Dress. French
Foulard, Washing Silks, 50 inches
wide, 2s. 6d. per yard, all at 2s. 6d. per
yard. A large parcel of last year's
Silks, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. a yard, half their
original prices. For patterns, write to
NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-
churchyard.

DO YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN
WELL DRESSED?—Boys' Knickerbocker
Suits in Cloth, from 12s. 9d. Useful
School Suits, from 12s. 9d. Patterns of
the Cloths, directions for measurement,
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free. NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-
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FIRST-CLASS CARPETS. Lowest prices.
Price-list post-free.
Patterns can be forwarded into the Country free.
T. VENABLES and SONS, London, E.

FIRST-CLASS SILKS. Lowest prices.
Write for Patterns, post-free.
Shawls, Mantles, Baby-linen, &c.
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Write for Patterns, post-free.
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Write for Patterns, post-free.
Carriage-free to any part of the Kingdom.
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FIRST-CLASS IRON BEDSTEADS, &c.
Price-list post-free.
T. VENABLES and SONS,
103, 104, 105, Whitechapel; and 2, 4, 6, 8, Commercial-street, London.

BLACK SILKS.—SPECIAL NOTICE.
PETER ROBINSON, of Regent-street,
Black Silk Mercer by Appointment,
would invite the special attention of purchasers to the superior make
and qualities of his Black Silks and the very reasonable prices at
which they are sold.
Good, useful Black Silks, from 3s. to 5s. the Full Dress.
Superior and most enduring qualities, from 3 to 6 guineas.
Patterns free, on application to
PETER ROBINSON'S,
Mourning Warehouse of Regent-street.

THE NEW REVERSIBLE FABRICS in
BLACK.
(Exactly alike on both sides.)
The Royal Worsted Poplin, and
The Royal Melmère.
Ladies requiring a useful Black Dress for the present season are
invited to write for Patterns of these New and excellent Materials
to PETER ROBINSON'S,
Mourning Warehouse of Regent-street.

FOR FIRST OR DEEP MOURNING.
IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.
Families requiring supplies of First or Deep Mourning
will derive the most important advantages by making their
purchases
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of Regent-street,
the largest and most economical
Mourning Warehouse in the Kingdom.

SILKS! SILKS! SILKS!
Patterns post-free.
Black Figured Gros Grains, both sides alike, 3s. 3d.
per yard, worth 3s. 11d.
Wide-width Striped Silks, New Colours, £1 5s. 6d. the Dress of
12 yards.
The New Colours in Fancy Check Silks, at £1 15s. 6d. the Dress
of 14 yards, wide width.
These are worth special attention.
Good wide-width Black Glacé, at 2s. 6d. and 2s. 11d.
A lot of Black French Silks, will measure 20 inches wide,
3s. 3d. per yard.
Also, 32 inches, at 3s. 6d., worth 4s. 6d.
JAMES'S STREET, and 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C., London.
Close on Saturdays at Four o'clock.

JNO. RIMMER and SONS' HEMISPHERIC
NEEDLES, in papers of 25, 1 doz. 1 doz., and fancy cases of
100 assorted, best quality. Retail by Messrs. Baker and Crisp,
Regent-street; Potter and Co., Cranley-terrace, Brompton; Mr. T.
Robinson, Jun., Dorchester; Mr. T. M. Williams, Cardiff; Mr. W.
Addis, Swindham. Wholesale—Cook, Son, and Co., 27, St. Paul's-
churchyard, E.C., London.
"The only Good Sauce."

H. WALKER'S NEW NEEDLES.—The
PATENT RIDGED-KYTES are easily threaded, and work
without the slightest drag. 1000 post-free for twelve stamps of
any respectable Dealer.—H. Walker, 47, Gresham-street; and
Queen's Works, Alcester.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE with the best
Articles at DEANE'S IRONMONGERY and FURNISHING
WAREHOUSE, 10, Abchurch-lane, London. New Illustrated Catalogue
and Priced Furnishing List gratis and post-free.
Deane and Co. (the Monument), London Bridge.

IF YOU TRAVEL send for BUSSEY SMITH
and CO.'S Illustrated Catalogue of PORTMANTEAUS,
Trunks, Travelling-bags; Field, Marine, and Opera Glasses,
unrivalled for excellence and cheapness.—483, New Oxford-street, W.C.

S A U C E.
LEA and PERKINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE,
pronounced by Connoisseurs to be
"The only Good Sauce."

None genuine without name on wrapper, label, bottle, and stopper.
Sold by Grocers and Blackwell, Barclay and Sons, and Grocers and
Olmens universally.

NO MORE MEDICINE.—DU BARRY'S
delicious health-restoring
REVALENTA AROMATICA FOOD
restores perfect digestion, strong nerves, sound lungs, healthy
liver, refreshing sleep, functional regularity, and energy to the
most debilitated or enfeebled, removing speedily and effectually
indigestion (dyspepsia), habitual constipation, nervous, bilious,
and liver complaints, fevers, hemorrhoids, flatulency, sore throats,
catarrhs, colds, influenza, noises in the head and ears, rheumatism,
gout, impurities, eruptions, hysteria, neurasthenia, irritability, sleep-
lessness, low spirits, despondency, spleen, acidity, palpitations, heart-
burn, headache, debility, diarrhoea, cramps, spasms, nausea and sick-
ness, sinking fits, coughs asthma, bronchitis, consumption, &c.
60, 600 cures annually. In tins, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 12 lb., 25s.; 24 lb., 40s.
Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London; and 4, Cheap-
side; 61 and 150, Oxford-street; 8, King William-street; and all
Grocers and Chemists in every town.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE,
No. 60, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.
Established 1860.

Invested Capital, £1,600,117.
Annual Income, £196,956.
Bonuses Declared, £1,301,157.
Claims paid since the Establishment of the Office, £3,766,600.

PRESIDENT—The Right Honourable Earl Grey.
The Profits, subject to a trifling deduction, are divided among the
Insured.

Examples of Bonuses added to Policies issued by
THE PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.

Number of Policy.	Date of Policy.	Annual Premium.	Sum Insured.	Amount with Bonus Additions.
4718	1823	194 15 10	5000	10,632 14 2
3924	1824	165 4 2	5000	10,164 19 0
49 7	1824	215 13 4	4000	9,637 2 10
5785	1825	137 1 2	5000	9,253 5 2
2027	1816	122 13 4	4000	8,557 11 2
3944	1821	49 15 10	1000	2,498 7 6
788	1808	29 19 4	1000	2,327 13 5

JOHN HODDINOTT, Secretary.
The next division of profits will take place in April, 1865. Policies
effected before the 1st of January, 1865, will be entitled to share in
this division.

BANK OF NEW ZEALAND.
BANKERS TO THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT OF
NEW ZEALAND, THE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENTS OF
AUCKLAND, CANTERBURY, OTAGO, &c., &c.
CAPITAL, £500,000. RESERVE FUND, £100,000.

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Blenheim New Plymouth Dunstan Creek Tokomairiro
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Dunedin Oamaru Hyde Waiatuna
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This Bank GRANTS DRAUGHTS on any of the above-named
places, and transacts every description of Banking business con-
nected with New Zealand, on the most favourable terms.
The London Office RECEIVES DEPOSITS at interest for fixed
periods, on terms which may be learned on application.
No. 50, Old Broad-street, F. LARKWORTH,
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ACCIDENTS TO LIFE or LIMB, in the
Field, the Streets, or at Home.
An Annual Payment of £3 to £5 5s. to the
RAILWAY PASSENGER ASSURANCE COMPANY
secures £1000 in case of Death or £50 per Week while laid up by
Injury.

For particulars apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the
Local Agents, or at the Offices,
64, Cornhill, and 10, Regent-street.
W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

TRAVELLING BATH, STRAP